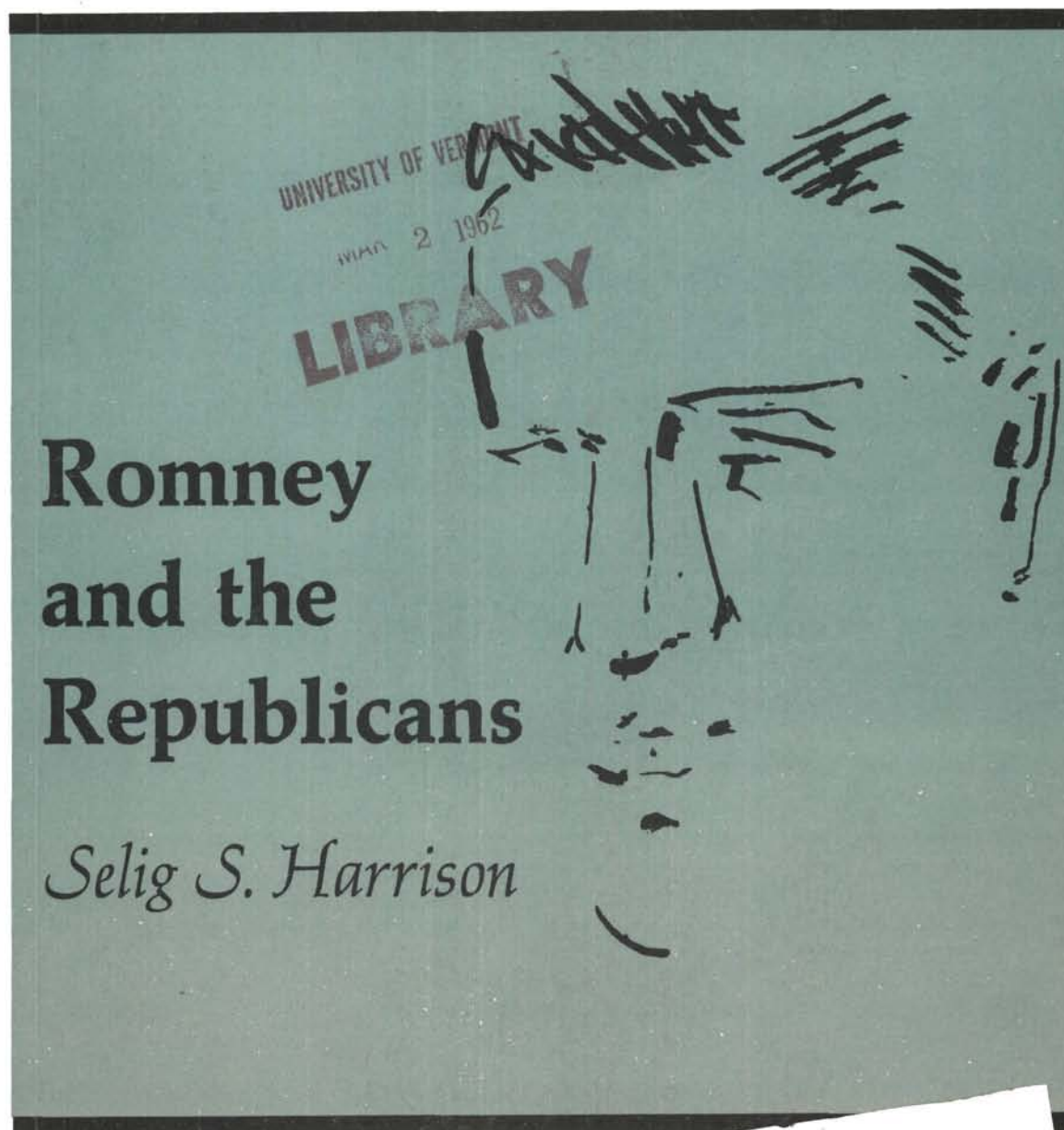


THE NEW REPUBLIC



March 5, 196

T.R.B.

from
Washington

Ugly Little War

★ Next week the Soviets' Central Committee meets in Moscow. Next week the Chinese Peoples Congress meets in Peking. Prior to the meeting in Moscow Khrushchev denounces the USA for rejecting an 18-nation disarmament Summit meeting at Geneva. Prior to the meeting in Peking, China denounces the USA for its build-up in South Vietnam. The big thing we don't know yet is whether the conferences in Moscow and Peking will end up denouncing each other.

The South Vietnam affair is an ugly little undeclared peripheral war to which we now seem irrevocably committed. It carries nothing but grief, no matter what happens. If we don't give aid, we are told, Southeast Asia may go over like falling dominoes. If we continue aid, we have a president named Ngo Dinh Diem on our neck who won't even institute the basic reforms we made conditional for further aid last fall.

To date we have spent \$1.5 billion and have 4,000 soldiers involved, and are now instituting new guerrilla terror techniques to combat Red guerrilla terror techniques. Though the US public hasn't discovered we are at war yet Red China has, and is starting to react.

The worst thing about all this is that there is no "Yes" or "No" answer. Is it wise, is it unwise? — we don't know; it is a gamble. Furthermore, it is probably only the first of such gambles we are going to take. What a paradox! Great nations build nuclear weapons at fantastic expense knowing they can't use them because either side would be burnt to a cinder; but probing, part-time, peripheral wars are still feasible,

always assuming enough restraint on both sides to prevent a peripheral war becoming nuclear. An odd world, folks, and the sooner we can develop that United Nations the better!

Gut Issue

★ Kennedy sends his big medical-care-for-the-aged bill to Congress this week. We are just as sure as we are of anything that America is going to put health insurance under social security sooner or later, and it might begin this year. The rest of the world has it now.

Americans are getting older. The ratio of people over 65 has more than doubled since 1900; the seniors are now 9 percent of the total population, a thumping 15 percent of the voting-age population. Private and public polls repeatedly show "medicare" is popular; it is a so-called gut issue and Republicans, who have already shown in the urban affairs vote they just don't like people, are beginning to get qualms about underlining the fact again.

Of course the AMA doctors' lobby is going to sob "socialism." Sometimes we wonder if people who use the epithet aren't secretly trying to further socialism. Here's the record: In 1930 the AMA charged that Federal grants to states to reduce the death rate of mothers and children "tended to promote Communism." In 1939 the AMA's spokesman, Morris Fishbein, said the whole Social Security concept was "a definite step toward either Communism or totalitarianism." In 1950 the AMA called the proposal to extend social security to the totally disabled age 50, "a serious threat to American medicine." Federal aid to state crippled children's services in 1953 the AMA called "socialistic." All through the 1930s and 1940s the AMA even fought voluntary health insurance plans which it now backs. Incidentally the Doctors' Lobby is one of the richest in Washington.

Some Quiet Monday

★ The biggest story in Washington hasn't happened yet; it's a slow fuse burning on a stick of dynamite in the Supreme Court. By a probable 5-to-4 decision the Supreme Court, any decision Monday now, may decide *Baker v Carr* one way or another. Normally

the Court devotes only an hour to hearing a case. Last April it listened to arguments for three and a half hours on this one and couldn't reach a decision; then it heard it reargued for another three and a half hours on its first day this term. Since Oct. 9 not a word.

A group of Tennessee city taxpayers backed by the Justice Department told the Court they are being deprived of constitutional rights against discrimination under the 14th Amendment because the state legislature won't reapportion, and is short-changing them politically. What is true of Tennessee is true of practically every state of the Union where rotten boroughs favor rural minorities. It is estimated that farmers have 25 to 30 more seats in the House of Misrepresentatives than population entitles them to.

Will the Supreme Court intervene? In 1946 in *Colegrove v Green*, 4 to 3, it said "No," it would not enter "this political thicket" (Frankfurter's phrase). But things have got worse. State legislatures won't budge. The Court has ruled a Negro may not be denied the vote on racial grounds, but when state action makes the vote of one citizen worth one-tenth the vote of another, how does the "character of the wrong" differ from racial disenfranchisement?

On the other hand, how can courts force rebellious state legislatures to reapportion? How about separation of powers? Here is an issue that could be the biggest since desegregation. It will come some quiet Monday afternoon.

Glenn in Congress

★ Looking down from the press gallery on Astronaut Glenn's bald, blond head at his Congressional reception Monday, we got to thinking that keeping your balance as a popular hero is harder than at Zero-G. Glenn did magnificently in the ordeal and reduced the affair to a folksy ceremony. With complete naturalness he introduced his family in the balcony. Glenn is perfectly self-composed with a slight pedagogical air. Black-robed Earl Warren (still unimpeached) applauded boyishly in the front rank. With considerable political finesse, we noticed that Glenn even managed to praise the wise Congress for voting plenty of space funds.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion Volume 146 Number 10 Issue 2470 March 5, 1962
Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by The New Republic, 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 25c. Yearly subscription, \$8.00; Foreign, \$9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, \$5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1962, by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second class mprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

THE WEEK

1. Cooperation in Space; Canada and Cuba; The Decision to Test; Conservative Rumble; Khrushchev's Farm Problem; TV Under Paar; Who Shall Be Saved by Shelters?; Georgetown Riots; The Alianza's Test Case

ARTICLES

1. What Is Ahead for the Congo?
by Hella Pick
11. Middle East Spectrum
by Elizabeth Monroe
13. A Day at the Hearing
by Leo Janos
14. Seeds of Schism on the Right
by James Gatsby
16. The Superficial Aspect
by Gerald W. Johnson
17. Romney and the Republicans
by Selig S. Harrison
28. The Professor-Diplomat
by Milton C. Taylor & Adrian Jaffe

DEPARTMENTS

31. Books 35. Records 37. Theater
38. Correspondence

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Cooperation in Space

Press hyperbole and public enthusiasm have exaggerated the scientific significance of Lt. Col. John H. Glenn's orbital merry-go-round. It represented a technological stepping stone to the moon and the planets, and as such, was neither so newsworthy as Gagarin's pioneering voyage, nor so technically impressive as Titov's 25 hours in orbit. But, as Emerson wrote in his *Journals*, "Who cares what the fact was, when we have made a constellation of it to hang in heaven an immortal sign?"

Despite the overlay of the man by the mechanism, despite the exploitation of Lt. Col. Glenn by high-priced press agency, the man as hero comes through. In part, it is because of Glenn himself, described by James Reston as "a warm and thoughtful human being: natural, orderly, considerate and, at times, quietly amusing and even eloquent." But there is another reason for this human triumph over impersonal technology. What, one might have wondered, could be less inspiring than a body strapped inside a tiny capsule, fitted to a contour seat undergirded by an aluminum honeycomb to cushion the shock when the capsule hits the water; a mummy figure lying on his back, staring at a mirror and with his face in constant view of a movie camera; surrounded by gadgets and enclosed in a suit of anonymity? But the pilot, it turns out, is the chief instrument present: the major engineering discovery of Glenn's trip is that man is more than a passenger. On previous flights, the artificial satellite had been almost totally computer-guided. In this instance, the rider took over. As one observer remarked, if a monkey had been in Mercury Seven, the capsule would have had to come down after one or two orbits.

The most important result of this feat, however, was that it lent new stature to the US program, thus prompting Premier Khrushchev to suggest, rather casually, that we and they could possibly pool efforts to explore outer space. The President noted that the Soviet offer may have come because "we now have more chips on the table than we did some time ago," but that he would be happy to discuss in any form how we might explore space peacefully "so that this new ocean . . . may be a peaceful one." Despite the failure of the Soviet Union to accept similar proposals for cooperation during the past five years, American space scientists are cautiously optimistic. By now the Russians may realize that there is much to gain by cooperation. In emphasizing manned space ships and long-range missiles, the USSR has neglected many of the scientific and technological possibilities of

satellites. The US program is considerably more diversified. In pure science, for example, US satellites have led to the discovery that the earth is not perfectly round but pear-shaped, and that it is enclosed by giant radiation belts that extend far into space. Other US satellites have yielded basic information about the origin of the Aurora and the nature of the upper atmosphere. In the field of technology, US engineers are now developing satellites that will improve navigation, worldwide weather forecasting and intercontinental radio, telephone and television communications.

It is tempting to speculate about what the USSR could contribute to further explorations. There would be an immediate advantage, for example, in using the powerful Soviet booster rockets to launch heavier satellites and space probes than we can now lift with the Atlas booster. But more valuable, from the scientists' viewpoint, would be the opportunity to exchange ideas with their Soviet counterparts, and to double, at a stroke, the number of engineers and scientists who are impatient to send such men as Glenn, Titov and Gagarin to the moon, Venus and Mars. There is some precedent for US-USSR scientific collaboration in the successful International Geophysical Year and to a lesser degree in the work of the International Atomic Energy Agency. The Russians are members of many worldwide scientific societies and have sent some of their best scientists to such conferences as the one held on higher energy physics some time ago at the University of Rochester. Likewise, the two Geneva conferences on peaceful uses of atomic energy, in which the USSR was a participant, were productive.

If the Russians prove responsive to a new effort at collaboration, perhaps the President might forego the patriotic satisfaction of having an American first on the moon in the interest of a constructive conquest of this newest and most challenging frontier.

Canada and Cuba

Arthur Schlesinger Jr. disappointed a great many Canadian intellectuals when he told a Vancouver audience that Canadian policy in Cuba "is hampering the process of democratic reform in Latin America." It helped rekindle resentment against what one Canadian scholar calls "the American philosophy of the righteous cause." The Canadians have never taken Washington's view that trading with Communists is disreputable. Although they do not recognize Communist China, they trade with it. US pressure to prevent American-owned Canadian companies from selling to Castro has been ill-received. A recent headline in the French language paper in Montreal, *Le Devoir*, read: "Ottawa is determined to conduct its own policy to-

ward Cuba." And the *Montreal Gazette* headlined: "Canada To Go Own Way on Cuba Policy Decision."

Recently, Prime Minister Diefenbaker publicly reiterated his country's determination to maintain relations, both diplomatic and economic, with Havana. In part, this is a financial matter: commerce with Cuba is profitable. But the Diefenbaker policy is also a by-product of resurgent Canadian nationalism. Diefenbaker won the 1958 elections with a spellbinding appeal for "greater Canadianism"; renewed assertions of national independence *vis-à-vis* the United States may serve him equally well in the new elections he is expected to announce shortly.

The Decision to Test

President Kennedy, it is reported, has in large measure accepted the conclusion of Dr. Hans Bethe, chairman of his special committee to evaluate the recent Soviet nuclear test series, that the US is unlikely to learn anything essential to national security by resuming atmospheric tests at the present time. But he has not concluded from this that further tests are to be ruled out. Instead he has made testing a diplomatic counter for use at the 18 nation Disarmament Conference which begins March 14.

It now appears that the US will go to Geneva with an offer not to test if the Soviet Union also agrees to abstain, and further agrees to admit international inspectors. Just what we will demand that these inspectors inspect is uncertain. We might insist the inspectors check up on possible preparations for tests; we might settle for checking suspicious events that look like tests on the seismographs. In either case the Soviets are likely to reject the proposal, arguing that "inspector" is another name for "spy," and that no inspectors are needed to detect the kinds of tests either nation is likely to conduct. The US, in turn, can be expected to treat the Soviet rejection as proof that no arms control agreement is possible, and to resume testing on the assumption that the Geneva negotiations have, for all practical purposes, broken down.

This approach seems to reflect Mr. Kennedy's skepticism about claims that fallout is a serious health hazard. It may also reflect a misunderstanding of the Soviet attitude. It is entirely possible that the Russians are anxious for us to resume testing. Spring rains will soon be bringing down Soviet fallout around the world. If the US tests in the next two months, the blame for high radioactivity readings will be shifted from the USSR to the US, or at least shared. Furthermore, though a new series of Soviet tests would hurt the USSR among the neutrals if it comes before an American series, it would be "defensible" if it came in the

wake of such tests. If we really need to test it is madness to forego testing because the Soviets offer to do likewise. If we don't need to test, then we ought not to do so merely because the Russians won't play by our rules in Berlin or Geneva.

Conservative Rumble

In his report on young conservatives in this issue, James Gatsby remarks on the "factionalism that has immemorably plagued the adult American Right." It is plaguing it today in the dispute within the conservative camp over President Kennedy's proposal for an open trade partnership with the Common Market. The dispute has put Senator Goldwater in an awkward position, for, as the Number One Hero of the whole camp he must be reluctant to alienate any substantial part of his following.

Free trade, on the one hand, means freer competition and "unshackling" the individual from the "protection" of the state in economic matters. Also, the Kennedy trade proposal is advanced as part of a grand design to strengthen the Atlantic Community's power to counter Communist-bloc pressure. Should Goldwater not therefore have been thrilled to see how his own ideas, formerly mocked by blind men in high places, had come to prevail? But the Senator was not thrilled and in Minneapolis before the terms of the President's plan were fully known, and afterward when they were known, Goldwater said he was mostly agin it.

Some of the conservatives were delighted. There were echoes in his attack that were in tune with their clamor against the "mongrelization of the economy" when virginally pure American-made goods are forced into an adulterous relationship with those bearing a foreign-made stamp.

On the other hand, what one might call the more burkean conservatives were deeply troubled. James Burnham, for example, in an issue of *The National Review* that appeared soon after the Senator delivered his message in Minneapolis, wrote that the old framework of the free trade-protectionist conflict is obsolete; that the new framework is provided by the world struggle between freedom and Communism, the rise of Europe's Common Market, and the emergence of the underdeveloped, contested nations. After a graceful 'guess' that Goldwater had not read the Clayton-Felter report, Mr. Burnham observed "logically, Senator Goldwater's own position requires him to support the goal of US partnership with Euromart - the Atlantic Common Market in short. This is an essential part of a 'hard' line on the world conflict, which is unthinkable without a strengthening of Western ties against the Communist assault. It is no less essential to the

defense of free enterprise. . . . It will be strange and tragic if American conservatives find themselves opposing the Atlantic Common Market in the united front with the Communist Party. . . ."

But in a later issue of *The National Review*, another conservative, a certain Robert E. Cody, did not find it "strange and tragic" at all. In a long letter bearing the editorial stamp of approval for "an able statement," Mr. Cody warned that in entering into a close relationship with the Common Market we would be "surrendering most, if not all, of our economic autonomy to international bodies such as the Atlantic Institute or the OECD, IMF and others." Nor was that all. "To think that we can merely relinquish our economic autonomy without giving up our political or legal autonomy is wishful thinking."

The editors of *The National Review*, meanwhile, themselves had a chance to thrash out the doctrinal and tactical aspects of the matter at issue. The result, conveyed in a column by Richard J. Walen on February 6, while acknowledging that "the UN is a sagging anachronism," and that "the Kennedy Administration and its drum-beaters are extolling Euromart's boons" which, "in itself, is enough to put off some conservatives," then goes on to say that despite "the liberal caricature" the conservative "is in fact a thoroughgoing



"Always glad to give a hand, Barry!"

internationalist." He affirms that "the economic gains to be realized by freer trade are manifest, provided we shake off the blinders of nationalism."

Was Senator Goldwater ready to shake off those blinders? Yes and no. In a speech of recent days before a Republican audience, he urged the US to get out of the foreign-dominated UN and join with the Europeans (who would also be leaving the UN according to his proposal) in forming a closer alliance of the West. How this could be done without a parallel economic integration of some sort was not explained. Nor can one see how this could be done without some limitation on the political sovereignty of the United States, as the dissenting Mr. Cody warned.

Khrushchev's Farm Problem

In the first of five articles giving his impression of present-day Soviet life after an extensive tour, Harrison E. Salisbury in *The New York Times* reports that, "On the domestic front, Mr. Khrushchev has one great weakness – the failure to solve the Soviet food problem. Despite his most energetic efforts and the investment of enormous funds, energy and time, Soviet agriculture has not responded. There are periodic meat queues, milk shortages and egg famines."

The Premier himself has been frank about the "lag in agriculture." Nearly four million new mouths need feeding each year in Russia even before the gap between industrial and agricultural output can be narrowed. Thus, although yields in the huge new tracts put to the plow in Kazakhstan and the southern RSFSR are low and the danger of crop failures is real, Mr. Khrushchev has felt the need to gamble on this potential for increased production.

The Soviet leadership has made much of learning from American agricultural experience, yet circumstances are quite dissimilar. Whereas the US has an abundance of good land, in comparison to the food needs of our population, Russia, in spite of her vastness, is short of good land. Moreover, collective farming requires an army of administrators, bookkeepers, checkers, technicians, staffs of inspectors and party functionaries. The relatively low levels of labor efficiency in Soviet agriculture can be traced directly to this bureaucracy and to the method of payment of peasant wages. For example, although the peasants' income is based on an elaborate piecework system ("to each according to his work"), these piecework rates are not guaranteed. One peasant's income may be twice as much as another's on the same farm, because he worked twice as hard. Yet the same amount of work last year may have earned him twice as much money since individual income is determined by the

success of the whole farm for that year. In the end, not only his own efforts but those of thousands of his fellow workers on the huge collective farms determine what his real wage will be. When, as is often the case, real wages on two neighboring farms greatly differ, the peasant who worked as hard as another but receives one-half or one-third of his neighbor's income is understandably discouraged.

Soviet leaders have said that by 1965 "socialist competition" and increased electrification along with more machinery, will effect a 100 percent increase of labor efficiency in agriculture. Yet in the last 20 years in the USSR, all of these measures have been given an impressive trial. During that period the number of tractors doubled and the number of kilowatts of electricity consumed on the farms increased tenfold. Nevertheless, no appreciable reduction has been made in the manpower employed in agriculture. Why then should a further increase of these same methods prove fruitful now? The peasant is no longer held in a grip of terror, but the grip of the agricultural bureaucracy is much tighter and more efficient under Khrushchev than it was under Stalin. Until a system of bureaucratic farming is seen as a fundamental weakness in Soviet agriculture and in the economy as a whole, any expectation the Soviets may have for achieving US levels of labor efficiency or Eastern European levels of yields, will continue to be elusive.

TV Under Paar

"The trouble," stated Dickey Chapell, a war correspondent, "is Americans don't know whether we want to lead the Free World; or what we want in Asia. The Communists do; they want the real estate. We've got to make up our mind about South Vietnam. It's our Pusan perimeter – our last piece of real estate on the Asian continent."

Had this comment been presented on a news show, the networks, in their effort to appear "objective" would simply have let it pass without comment. But Dickey Chapell was a guest on the Jack Paar Show; and the opinionated Mr. Paar shot back, "But isn't the problem that it isn't 'our real estate' – aren't these sovereign people?"

It was the same Jack Paar who gave two Negro comedians (Dick Gregory and Nipsy Russel) their first exposure on network TV; the same Paar who presents a voice of sanity to his late-night mass audience in Dr. Albert Burke; the Paar who brought the gadflies Alexander King and Harry Golden to national prominence; who introduced Bob Newhart, Shelly Berman, Mort Sahl, Mike & Elaine, and a host of other top "new wave" entertainers to a mass audience; and the Paar

Who Shall Be Saved by Shelters?

President Kennedy's request for \$450 million with which to begin a federal-state system of public bomb shelters is running into the expected discussion of necessity, effectiveness and cost. Since it is obviously impossible to protect everybody, everywhere, from the combined effects of blast, fire, heat, radioactive fallout, bone rot, degenerate mutation and all the other channels to oblivion that are being discovered from year to year, the real question is one of using the available means of preservation in the most useful and effective way.

Up to the present, and with all deference to Morton Halperin's pro-shelter arguments in last week's *New Republic*, this matter has been discussed almost entirely from the standpoint, or standpoints, of the two nations whose scientific genius and political amorality (distribute these as you please) created the world problem – the United States and Soviet Russia. Scientists, military men and politicians have asked and diversely answered the question whether it is possible for the world colossi to clash with full force, and yet leave enough sapient men and women alive to crawl out of the debris and rebuild the civilization they helped to destroy. But it is an answer given by or for the belligerent powers alone. The rest of humanity – except those caught between or around the colossi – may automatically escape from blast, fire, heat and initial fallout, but is left to perish in a poisoned atmosphere or wither away as successive generations fail to generate fit progeny.

When the issue is one of human survival, it ought to be looked at from the point of view of humanity as a whole. And since the survival of all individuals, or even of most individuals in affected areas, is an obvious impossibility, two specific questions arise at the outset. Who shall survive? And who shall pay the cost of their survival?

The first question hinges on the second. Let us consider the least likely case imaginable. Should it be concluded in the Assembly of the United Nations that the Bushmen of Australia were most entitled to remain on earth, being farthest from responsibility for the present state of the world and least likely to duplicate it, it would be both absurd and futile to tell the Bushmen to dig their way into the depths of the Central Plateau. Nor would there be either justice or feasibility in suggesting that the Australian Commonwealth assume so gigantic a burden for the benefit of a small national minority.

No, the cost of preserving the human race ought to be borne by the nations that have put it in peril, Soviet Russia and the United States – with thought given to France, Great Britain and Communist China as prospective increasers of the danger. The Soviet

Union's own comparative indifference to bomb shelters may indicate reliance for survival on wide dispersal of the rural population, plus deep shelters for the Kremlin proletariat. But the Russians' refusal to share the cost of pacifying the Congo leaves no hope of effective aid in a larger benevolence. Great Britain and France would be more in need of help than capable of rendering it, and to speak of China in the latter connection could only be in jest. Consequently, what has happened many times in the past recurs now with grim finality. It is up to the American taxpayers.

This brings us to the final question. Who shall be saved to perpetuate humanity (the word here is biological) on earth? If funds were adequate and results assured, the answer of Congress would be a shelter system for the United States, to reach everybody. But with funds limited and results conjectural, the only assured effect of such a system would be to shift from unbuilt family shelters to insufficient communal ones. That might furnish some American seed for humanity's future, though not much, for I suspect that women past childbearing and male septuagenarians would be sitting around the shelter entrances, waiting for catastrophe.

If American dollars are to save the human race from obliteration, let them be spent to preserve people who had no share in creating the threat of extinction. For the past several months I have been in Mexico, traveling by automobile more than 4,000 miles within the borders of that country. Perhaps that has given me a new approach to the halls of Montezuma. At any rate, I've been so long in Mexico that I begin to look like a Texan. But with that bias allowed for, let us look at the Mexicans, as well as ourselves, in terms of ultimate value as sole survivors. Search for those who live sanely in a mad world, and who can be found to surpass our neighbors south of the Rio Grande? Who excels them in human dignity or in the greatness of their heritage?

However, in so diverse a world one must not be parochial. If not the Mexicans, find some other people still more worthy of survival. But let the choice be dictated by the survivors' harmony with the world they live in – the world of fields and forests, mountains and deserts, beasts and birds, sun and stars. And let the survival be a complete one: that of the land, the people, the culture, past, present and future; the survival of a body of men and women preserved as a whole and worthy to endure.

Let not the future be the crawling existence of a shattered remnant of a people, and least of all the people – ourselves and others – who have not the wit and morality to control the forces they brought into being.

IRVING BRANT

COMING: *Report from Saigon on the US and the "bleeding war" in Diem's Vietnam*

who has had what can only be termed the sheer guts to expose the gossip columnists – especially Winchell, Kilgallen and O'Brien, and papers like the *New York Journal American* and *Chicago Tribune* – whose enmity can spell professional death to an entertainer.

Whatever his faults – and if egomania was his chief one, it was a refreshing contrast to the phony humility of most TV entertainers – Jack Paar's exit from his late-night show at the end of this month will be a loss.

Georgetown Riots

Exactly two and a half months ago, Dr. Cheddi Jagan, the Prime Minister of British Guiana, was telling the Trusteeship Commission of the UN that his country had been living since 1953 under a "Colonial Office dictatorial regime of terror and oppression." "Only the armed might of the British acts as a deterrent to my country's proclaiming its freedom," he cried. Now he has himself called on "the armed might of the British" to protect his own government from disorders provoked by his own stringent budget. To complete the irony, the last time Britain sent troops to British Guiana was nine years ago. Their purpose then was to remove Dr. Jagan from office on the grounds that he was plotting a Communist revolution.

The budget which sparked the riots in Georgetown was designed to produce local capital for investment by forced savings both from business and the taxpayers as a whole. It was drawn up on advice of a leading Cambridge University economist, Nicholas Kaldor. But, like the budget which Kaldor advised Nkrumah to introduce in Ghana last summer, it created powerful political and social strains. Just as Ghana's budget produced the strikes at Takoradi which threatened the Nkrumah regime, so Jagan's budget forced the British Guiana Trades Union Council into open, violent opposition. As in Ghana, these economic tensions offered an irresistible temptation to Jagan's opponents, who in British Guiana represent a different

racial group from his. Jagan's People's Progressive Party, with 19 seats in a legislature of 35, draws its support almost wholly from those of Indian origin working in the countryside and as small businessmen or traders. The Opposition People's National Congress speaks for the rest of the country's half million inhabitants who are of African origin.

Although the British had to accede to Jagan's appeal for military help since they still hold responsibility for law and order in British Guiana, London carefully dissociated itself from responsibility for the budget from which the riots sprang. It has to hold talks on British Guiana's independence in May, and there is little doubt that it would like to transfer power as soon as possible, if only because Britain's current obligations for law and order are an additional strain on its over-stretched military manpower. But it could scarcely abandon its authority without greater assurance than now exists that the new state will not immediately founder in racial bloodshed.

In the long run, as in the case of Kenya, British Guiana's best hope of survival as a biracial state may depend upon some sort of federal link with the rest of the Caribbean region. But Dr. Jagan may have other ideas. It was reported some time ago that he, in alliance with Fidel Castro and the Brazilian peasant leader, Francisco Juliao, had plans to subvert the other Guianas (French and Dutch) and draw them into an alliance. As a response to this threat, it is said that a secret plan was drawn up on order of the former President of Brazil, Janio Quadros, under which Brazil and Venezuela would jointly annex the three Guianas. The plan still has strong supporters in Brazil and Venezuela. If it were to be put in effect, there would be outraged protests in the United Nations, but as in the case of India's annexation of Goa, probably little else.

The *Alianza's* Test Case

Martial law is still in effect, but the government of Manuel Ydigoras Fuentes in Guatemala has survived the crisis initiated by the assassination of the chief of secret police last month. A small-scale revolt begun by an attack on a United Fruit plantation has also been snuffed out with the capture of a number of rebels (some of whom, ironically, were trained at the United States Guerrilla War Training School at Fort Gulick in the Canal Zone). But with coffee prices low and unemployment high, President Ydigoras' warning about a "vast internal and international conspiracy" directed against him can be read as a plea for more aid from the United States.

Since the CIA-sponsored overthrow of the pro-Communist Arbenz regime in 1954, Guatemala has had

over \$150 million of such aid, plus the advice and assistance of many able American technicians, engineers and educators. This sum, equal to about \$40 per capita, is roughly equivalent to what has been promised in loans or grants to the rest of Latin America.

The results so far are inconclusive. The US Operating Mission in Guatemala has done its job well, without the scandals that have marred similar programs elsewhere; it has built hundreds of miles of new roads, all but eliminated malaria, installed clean water systems, and helped initiate self-help housing, adult education, and technical assistance in agriculture. But none of the social reforms called for under the Alliance have been put into effect. In a nation where three out of four people are farmers, less than one percent of the owners hold more than half the land, and the average wage for farm laborers is less than 60 cents a day. Seven out of 10 adults are illiterate, and half a million children (of a total population of 3.8 million) are not able to attend school. Per capita income is only \$163 a year, and the average life expectancy is estimated at about 37 years. Despite US urgings and the threat of

fidelismo, Guatemala's landowners still resist any income tax or agrarian reform law.

Waiting in the wings are two former presidents committed to more drastic measures. One is Col. Jacobo Arbenz, whose large-scale land distribution program was brought to a halt when his government was overthrown. Arbenz, along with Jose Manuel Fortuny, Secretary General of the Guatemalan Communist Party, is in exile in Havana, making occasional propaganda broadcasts and waiting for an opportunity to return. The other exile is Juan Jose Arevalo, Arbenz' predecessor, who is an avowed candidate for the Presidency in 1963. Now teaching at the Central University in Venezuela, Arevalo has announced his imminent return to Guatemala City; he would have excellent chances of winning a fair election. Although he broke with Arbenz more than a year ago and has condemned Castro as a "materialist" and a "profoundly impractical man," Arevalo is almost as anti-American as Fidel; his best-selling *Fable of the Shark and the Sardines* is a bitter diatribe that has been reprinted as a Cuban propaganda piece.

AT LONG LAST, THE STORMY SKY MAY BE CLEARING

What Is Ahead for the Congo?

Leopoldville

It never does to prophesy about the Congo; but it really looks as if a corner has been turned. There is still no administration whose writ runs through the whole land; but at least there is a central authority which is enough in the saddle to give attention to the problems of reconstruction; there are five provincial governments which recognize the authority of the central government to some extent. Even the Katanga tragedy is being seen in a somewhat less lurid light; law and order is becoming somewhat easier to maintain, and efforts are underway to reorganize and depoliticize the Army. The beginnings of a nation are discernible. But (and there are two big "buts"), for the momentum to be maintained the Congolese Government must obtain sufficient overseas aid to tide it over a growing economic crisis; in addition, the government must now find some way of rallying the masses to the task of nation-building. The apathy evident both in town and country must be converted into purposeful discipline: perhaps that national party of which Lumumba dreamed, but never established, must at last be set up.

Leopoldville is still a fine city, and the upkeep of

houses and gardens, of streets and government buildings, has survived the troubles. At a first, rather superficial glance, here is a well-ordered, prosperous community. Certainly the tensions are far less than a year ago; many Belgian traders have returned; business has picked up. But the shops are empty. UN personnel turn with relief to their own store, where they can be certain of regular supplies of butter or eggs; and many young Congolese turn to robbery as the surest way of earning a living. In Leopoldville alone, it is estimated that there are 100,000 unemployed, and the situation in other urban centers is about the same—not to speak of the country, where many have reverted to subsistence farming. Because of the disorders and disruptions of the last 18 months, the transport system of this vast country has been seriously dislocated. As a consequence, it has been impossible to evacuate produce on the pre-independence scale; production has fallen, and equally important, foreign exchange earnings from agricultural exports have dropped disastrously.

Added to this is the fact that Katanga's and Kasai's mineral exports are yielding none of the important cur-

rency earnings to the central government which belong to it by right. As a result, the Congolese Government lacks the foreign exchange to import not merely basic consumer goods, such as textiles, salt and sugar, but worse, it cannot buy sufficient capital equipment – even such elementary things as spare parts for broken-down trucks that lie idle in some distant province, which would be so vital to restore the transport and communications system. Experts in Leopoldville – and when one talks of experts, time and again, this means one of the growing army of UN officials working as advisers and mentors in the Congolese administration – believe that it would take at least \$170 million this year alone to start a spiral of economic recovery. The UN is determined to show that it can do more than fight or preserve order in Katanga, and under its new director, Mr. Robert Gardiner, wants to give decisive assistance in the civilian field: the UN would rally experts from all parts of the world to make sure that money will be properly spent on worthwhile projects.

Where to find the money? Outside the relatively small emergency loans obtained from the UN and the US – which just help to keep things going on a hand-to-mouth basis, the Congo finds it almost impossible to obtain external funds. Somehow, M. Adoula must create sufficient confidence in the Congo to attract the funds which will enable him to reduce unemployment and check all its unfortunate social and political consequences. The emergence of Adoula, a remarkable leader by any standards, is already a healthy indication that the Congo has a future, and his recent visit to New York and Washington did much to reassure international opinion.

But only the diehard cynics – of whom there are still many among the Belgians who have remained – would deny that the improvement in the situation goes far deeper than the mere fact that the country now has an able, honest, and hard-working Prime Minister. Government offices are still full of bureaucratic-minded clerks who will turn up one day and absent themselves for two weeks; but there are also officials who, with virtually no background or training, are seriously attempting to establish an administrative framework. There are 42 Ministers altogether (a Ministry is considered here as a cheap way of buying off potential political opponents) and some of them are idle; but others work hard and understand their jobs. With the provincial governments, tenuous links are being forged: ministers come to Leopoldville from time to time to discuss common problems; and above all, the provinces – always still with the exception of Katanga – depend on the central government for a large part of their finances. Whether the central government likes it or not, it can as yet exercise very little control over the spending of that money (for example, it cannot prevent

the provincial administration in Luluaborg from packing the electricity station with political hangers-on who know nothing about maintaining a power station), but it does now have the possibility of stepping in when the power supply finally breaks down altogether.

Katanga is a case apart, even though the central government refuses to consider it as such, and really is resisting any negotiation which would confer some special status on Mr. Tshombe. If the *Union Minière* keeps the promise which some of its senior officials have made to the central government, namely that they will no longer pay Mr. Tshombe any of the revenues due the central government, then perhaps Tshombe at long last will have to give up some of the expensive trimmings of his so-called independence, and agree that the status of Provincial President leaves him with a fair amount of autonomy.

The army and gendarmerie are under better control; neither General Mobutu nor General Lundula seems to be trying to use the army as an instrument of political persuasion, and Adoula is giving priority attention to army reorganization and training.

None of this, neither the establishment of government authority nor the improvement in law and order, would be possible without the United Nations. Its continued presence in this period of reconstruction is vital; and although he still has his disagreements with the UN, especially over its Katanga policy, Adoula freely recognizes this. Just as he resolutely resisted bilateral military aid, so now he is determinedly fighting shy of financial and technical aid given on any basis other than through the UN. It can certainly be argued that he is driving this refusal to the extreme, and that he will have to go further than admitting some Belgian teachers and administrators, or US food supplies. Still, there is no reason to doubt that the present Congolese Government is so determined to avoid repetition of the international tug-of-war which greeted the Congo's independence that it would rather starve economically than admit large-scale, bilateral economic assistance.

As far as technical assistance is concerned, the UN can, at least for the time being, meet a great many of the Congo's requirements. The devoted, often very able, band of international experts who now work in Leopoldville and in the provinces, and who do far more than just prepare those lengthy UN reports, are filling the gap. Whether United Nations sources can continue to provide the financial assistance the Congo needs is another matter. Perhaps at least the UN could sponsor an international consortium which would have the courage and imagination to invest in the future prosperity of a country rich in resources – a country which could become a focus for stability in Africa as easily as it became, over the past 18 months, the nexus of anarchy and chaos.

HELLA PICK

THE ARAB WORLD IS VERY FAR FROM BEING ONE

Middle East Spectrum

London

Four years ago this month, popular pride in Arab unity received a tremendous fillip with the fusion of Egypt and Syria into Nasser's United Arab Republic. Though the unbalance between the two countries was great, Egypt having a population four times greater than Syria's, with corresponding differences in the size of its armed forces and its budget, the Syrians were not daunted because they are energetic and self-confident and hoped that, as they used to do in the 19th Century, they could bustle to Cairo and run the show. But the Egyptians have changed, and the hopes were vain. The Syrians were treated to policies that suited docile Egypt better than lively Damascus or Aleppo. Last September, therefore, they cut adrift again.

The Egyptian public did not mind the change; Syria had been a worry and a drain on the exchequer. But President Nasser minded because he had been personally rebuffed, and since the break he has been trying hard to make the rest of Egypt mind too, because "Arabism is the mainspring of our nation and our revolution." Outside Egypt, great numbers of Arabs share his concern because of their inward yearning to belong to a big unit with a voice in world affairs. They reckon that such a role is not beyond their range, because they had it in the Middle Ages and are nostalgic for greatness. Their admiration for President Nasser, though not as glowing now as it was when he was turning the British out, stems from the fact that he made his mark on the world and gave them a role on its stage.

The split with Syria warped this pattern, and the only explanation of many confusing and often contradictory events in the Middle East today is that several leaders are trying to recover the leadership role, each in a way of his own devising. There is little co-operation; several Arab countries are for the moment not on speaking terms. "We have reached complete agreement to differ" is the gist of the communique that follows many of their meetings.

Take Nasser first, for he is the most statesmanlike of the leaders available, and enjoys the advantage of controlling all the best media of publicity: the Egyptians have a genius for propaganda, both by press and radio. He has been thwarted in Syria and has not won the elder-brother status he hoped for in Africa because the Nkrumahs and Nyereres think themselves bigger than he. But, resiliently, he has turned to the

home front and, modeling himself on Tito, is seeking to recover the Arab lead by organizing a truly socialist, neutral state. He is depending greatly on Russia for arms and capital equipment, but remains anti-Communist; he also depends on the United States which has lately furnished him with \$93 million worth of surplus commodities. But the conversion of the economy to state socialism is proving painful, and Nasser's innovations are not popular in Egypt; they bring discomforts and shabbiness from which attention is not distracted by sideshows such as the closure of French schools or the trial of French diplomats. If he were to produce the socio-economic patterns of his dreams, he might induce other countries in the area to follow him once more. But most Arabs know that Egyptians are feeling the pinch, and if his only weapon is force of example, he has a long slow job ahead.

His main Arab rival, Premier Qassem of Iraq, would like to be a Nasser but does not measure up to the dimensions. He retains power because of his excellent domestic spy system and security service, and because his adversaries are hopelessly divided. His majority is narrow because Iraq is not racially homogeneous, as Egypt is, and because the Kurdish third of the country is in revolt against him. He is squeezing and buffeting the Western oil companies in order to curry popular favor, but dares not turn them out because he needs the revenue which they alone can supply.

Syria, having recovered its individuality and freedom of action, has opted for another try at parliamentary democracy, and has elected a somewhat right-wing government. The old familiar faces are behind the old familiar desks, but a wind of change has blown, and most of them know that there is no going back upon some of the changes the Egyptians made—notably in land reform. A few riots in Damascus have underlined this fact. Syria too needs momentum, and its direction is Liberal-Socialist. Lebanon, next door, is performing its eternal balancing act between 50 percent of Christians who relish their links with Europe, and 50 percent of Muslims who, if put to the unwelcome test of declaring their first love, would say that this is Arab unity. Recently, the government put down a *putsch* that was anti-Nasser in slant; Lebanon asks nothing better than to be the local Switzerland.

In contrast to the hungerers for sensation, all the hereditary rulers in the Middle East are trying to make

the slow, deliberate changes that will enable them to keep their thrones or patrimonies. The one poor one, the King of Jordan, rules a needy, barren and refugee-ridden land that owes its continued existence almost entirely to the proximity of Israel. Were the Jordanians to revolt against him, the Israelis might seize the slices of Jordan that would enable them to straighten their jagged and inconsequent frontier. This thought deters his many Arab enemies from toppling him, and enables the King to strike out on lines of his own – to recognize Syria immediately after it split with Egypt, to retort to spiteful attacks on Cairo radio, to marry an English wife for love. He runs a parliament and a modern state, and keeps making small, successful moves to bridge the gap between the disgruntled, sophisticated ex-Palestinians of Jerusalem and the less disloyal but more primitive folk on the east side of the Jordan river.

The Affluent Monarchies

There are also three states with absolute rulers, and money as well. They are Saudi Arabia, Iran and Kuwait, and in all three the rulers are beginning to initiate gradual social change.

In Saudi Arabia, where vast oil wealth has greatly corrupted the old patriarchal hierarchy, King Saud is ill. His brother Feisal, who largely runs the country, sees the need for moving with the times, but is at grips with tribal tradition to one side of him (which he keeps at bay with subsidies) and with a new generation of young men on the other, all wanting jobs and power. He is edging in their direction, but not fast enough for their taste.

In Iran, which, though it does not speak Arabic can be included as a Middle Eastern and a Muslim state, the Shah is moving faster, but is being constrained to hang onto an unsteady helm in the midst of a storm of opposition to reforms which most Persians favor, but which some do not want to see carried out by a Prime Minister who has no personal following – Ali Amini. The Shah and Amini are bent on land reform – that is, on breaking the hold on the country of about 400 families who speak of their estates in numbers of villages and render democracy a farce because none of “their” villagers would dare vote against them, though most of them are absentee landlords. The aim of the reformers is one village per landowner, and many new peasant proprietors. But they are opposed from two flanks – the self-interested landowners on one side, and the parties who oppose Amini for dispensing with parliament on the other. The Shah says that the opposition is Russian-inspired, and this may be so, but it is also peculiarly Persian, being composed of individuals who do not want to see the right thing done by anyone but themselves.

Lastly, there is Kuwait, whose oil revenues are more

than \$500 million a year (for a country of 300,000 inhabitants). Their ruler has invested savings, chiefly in London, and has given his subjects the Good Life, except insofar as luxury has made a hardy people lazy. For a half-century Kuwait lived under the umbrella of *Pax Britannica* for reasons that had to do with the Czar and the Kaiser; oil did not flow in profusion until 1950. But the Ruler's dependence on the British for protection is now rated old-fashioned by the young products of his hundreds of new schools. They would prefer a link with the Arab League and investment in Arab countries rather than in British five-percents. Their opposition, and the handle that it gave to Nasser's radio, caused the British to reason that for very little return they were incurring much liability. Reckoning that Kuwait must sell its oil to live, and that there was no market for such quantity except in Western Europe, London decided to cut the link while still able to do so in an atmosphere of goodwill. The decision took effect last summer and since then the Ruler has held elections and inaugurated a parliament; there are only three commoners in his new cabinet.

But no sooner was the British back turned than Qassem propagated an old Iraqi claim to Kuwait. The ruler of Kuwait appealed to the British; they responded and manned his frontier for him until the Arab League was ready to take over. Most Arabs criticized the British in public, but all Qassem's enemies (who included Nasser and King Saud) were secretly glad of the bastion the British move provided. To balk the Iraqis, they admitted Kuwait to the Arab League and proposed it for UN membership, which it failed to get because the Soviet Union applied the veto. For the moment, a few Arab League countries still maintain troops on Kuwait's border with Iraq; Nasser withdrew his contingent at the time of the break with Syria.

It is difficult to detect any consecutive strands in this patchy picture. The clue to the future lies in Syria. For a generation, the Syrians have by temperament and necessity lived on flirting first with Egypt and then with Iraq. At present, Iraq is their favored suitor. They have extracted a promise from it not to seize Kuwait by violence; the Kuwaitis, simultaneously, have taken out insurance by setting up a 50 million pound fund from which needy Arab governments can borrow at low interest rates. The chances of calm and an ultimate loose federation of Arab states are uncertain. In all the governments, there are moderate ministers working for this, and all Western onlookers must hope for their success. But if Egypt sulks, and will not join any Arab scheme that it does not initiate, the outlook is far from bright. In that event one of the dictators – Nasser or Qassem – will probably need to make some spectacular and unstabilizing move in order to stay in power in his own country.

ELIZABETH MONROE

A Day at the Hearing

Leo Janos Reports the News that Wasn't Fit To Print

An acquaintance of mine, who is a veteran Washington newsgatherer, once confided that "what really happens seldom makes the papers." His cynicism notwithstanding, I agree that what appears in print is often less interesting than the juicy tidbits which spread around the National Press Club.

Take the Federal Communications Commission hearing on network program policies. As a former reporter for a broadcast trade publication, I was secretly relishing the misery of my former press table colleagues who were forced to spend (without me) five hours a day reporting a stultifying study in monotones. But Press Club gossip upended my facetiousness, for it appears that the FCC, the witnesses and journalists tacitly agreed to suppress unspecified but reportedly spectacular happenings. The whispered word of a mysterious coverup sent me scurrying to the Press Club library for a look at the hearing transcript.

I was perusing this lengthy document when Andy Furgandy, the Associated Press' crack regulatory agency reporter, appeared and mercifully intervened.

"You're just the oracle I want to talk to," I said. "What's this rumor all about? You were there."

Andy sat down. "First," he said, "read the last two pages of the record. Then we'll talk."

I obediently turned to the last two pages. Mr. Bryant (I could see him in my mind's eye - tall and handsome, magnificently confident) had just concluded questioning on acid indigestion and personal body odors. The witness was Robert Sarnoff, president of NBC.

Mr. Bryant: Now then, Mr. Sarnoff, before the morning session ended you said that NBC would never condone sensationalism for its own sake and seeks, whenever possible, to avoid shocking the American people unnecessarily or scaring the bejeezus out of youngsters. Is that correct?

Mr. Sarnoff: I said that?

Bryant: You most certainly did.

Sarnoff: Then I must have said it.

Bryant: Mr. Sarnoff, are you familiar with the program *Thriller*, broadcast weekly over NBC?

Sarnoff: Well, let me say this. I am familiar with it although I've never seen a broadcast. But I must strongly object to this line of questioning which, I think, goes into the area of FCC censorship over television programming. And this is unconstitutional.

Bryant: I'm aware of these limitations, sir. But I ask you whether *Thriller* contradicts your previous testi-

mony about NBC avoiding the sensational, whenever possible?

Sarnoff: No. *Thriller* is not merely a sensational program, but is actually a public service show.

Bryant: Good heavens, sir. Do you realize you are under oath?

Sarnoff: Certainly, and I resent your implication. I repeat: *Thriller* is a public service program in that it fully documents real and actual cases involving the supernatural.

Bryant: Now, really. Do you mean to tell me that a recent program which featured the severed hand of a dead concert pianist strangling a rival virtuoso was based on a real situation.

Sarnoff: I'm not familiar with that particular episode. But if it was shown on *Thriller* then it actually happened.

Bryant: Sir, I respectfully suggest that *Thriller* is pure hokum, that it is fictionalized garbage and violates NBC's self-imposed restrictions to keep within the boundaries of propriety and good taste.

Voice: Damn you, Bryant, you'll regret that!

Here the transcript abruptly ends. Whatever followed that wild outburst of anger had been officially expunged from the record by the FCC and voluntarily suppressed by more than 100 people who were present.

"Well," I said, "it ends rather abruptly."

Andy sighed. "You're right, and I've got to tell this to somebody or I'll either explode or dissolve."

He shifted his chair closer to mine and, leaning forward in his most confidential manner, began speaking in a trembling whisper.

"You remember the last thing in the transcript are the words, 'Damn you, Bryant, you'll regret that', shouted by an unidentified spectator. Well, the next thing that happened was complete chaos.

"Minow gavel for order. But an old man, with a terribly scarred face and withered hands, walks up to the witness table carrying a black box under his arm. The guy waves a claw under Bryant's nose and says, 'Pay heed to what I say or the green curse will melt your bones'.

"By this time, Chairman Minow is pounding his gavel so hard that Commissioner Lee, who sits next to him, breaks an eardrum. Well, the impact is immediate. Everyone thinks the old guy's curse got Lee and you can hear a pin drop. Each Commissioner is sitting like we used to in elementary school when I was a kid

— with his hands clasped in front and his back straight as a Ticonderoga number two.

"The old guy is wearing a black cape and he's swishing it around for effect as he walks up and down in front of the witness table. When he begins to talk, it's in a hollow, menacing voice. 'Bryant', he says, 'I will show you how unfair you are to *Thriller*'. He takes the little black box from under his arm and places it carefully on the witness table. He begins prying it open and as he does, its hinges creak like an old coffin.

"Bryant takes a look in the box. His eyes open wide, then narrow to a squint. His mouth opens then closes, frozen with horror.

"The old guy reaches into the box and pulls out — you guessed it — a severed hand, gray and mangled, with long fingernails and a hairy palm. 'Here it is, Bryant and gentlemen, the severed hand. Look at it. Is this a piece of fictionalized garbage as Bryant carelessly asserts? Is this hokum? Look at it', he cackles.

"The old guy starts petting the hand and whispers some abracadabra that sounds like 'wasteland, base-land, face-land, ace-land, Nielsen, Nielsen'. As soon as this doggerel spills from his lips — the hand leaps into the air and grabs Minow by the throat."

"My God," I said, "this is the most horrible story I've ever heard. What the hell happened?"

"What happened," he said, "I'll tell you. Minow fought the hand courageously but to no avail for about two minutes. By this time his face was so gray from being choked you couldn't tell where the hand left off

and his neck began. With his last remaining strength he tore the thing loose and dashed from the room — the hand flying through the air right behind him.

"It was spontaneous. Everybody in the hearing room got up and ran after them both. What a sight! Minow screaming through the twisting corridors of the FCC, a hand flying right behind him and a posse of 100 trailing at a cautious distance.

"Minow dashed into his office and quickly locked the door."

Andy fell silent and thoughtful.

"Don't stop now. Tell me how this all came out," I implored.

"It hasn't," Andy said simply.

"You mean. . . ." I said.

"Yes, Minow is still locked in his office and the hand is just outside . . . waiting."

"Why don't they call the police?" I asked.

"The old guy won't let them," Andy explained. "He's holding Bryant as a hostage."

"How long. . . ?" I asked..

Andy interrupted. "It's been three days now. I've heard that sandwiches have been shoved under the door. But it's only a rumor."

He shuddered. "Have you ever been in Minow's office?" he asked.

I answered negatively.

"Poor devil," Andy lamented. "The only thing in there other than a desk is a special television set that monitors commercials."

Seeds of Schism on the Right

In its short existence, the student conservative movement has shown a remarkable capacity for growth. In the late 1940's, William F. Buckley, as a Yale undergraduate, was a lone voice crying out in the liberal wilderness; in the early 1960's, Buckley's Young Americans for Freedom boasts of 24,000 dues-paying (but not card-carrying?) members, and struts its wares in the pages of appreciative national magazines. And YAF is not simply a product of publicity; the conservative young people have been making their influence felt. Infiltrating and occasionally taking control of Young Republican Clubs, specializing in the organization of counter-demonstrations against left-wing students (in Washington, in January, 1961, the YAF made a record of some sort when it was able to mobilize 2,000 members of the button-down brigade in a demonstration against 1,000 other students, who, in their turn, were demonstrating against the House Un-Ameri-

can Activities Committee), making riverboat excursions up the Hudson to Newburgh, New York, the conservative youth have even been able to subvert such old-time socialists as *New Leader* subscriber Sol Feinstone, who, while entering a mild demurral against their economic philosophy, is able to applaud vigorously their "picketing against the enemies of the free world." The conservative youth movement, then, *has* been something of a success; with this in mind, it must have been particularly galling for its adult mentors to have found, in the past few months, the seeds of schism in its midst. Apparently there has been a revolt within a revolt; and today student conservatism faces the same factionalism that has immemorially plagued the adult American Right.

It is hardly an auspicious time for it. For at the very moment when *National Review* intellectuals are cautiously disengaging themselves from such intem-

perate brethren as the John Birch Society (Buckley has remarked that "there is no lunacy of which Robert Welch is incapable") and from the American Nazi Party (which *National Review* describes as "a dozen or so neurotics" and puts in its place by offering to find Rockwell a "good psychoanalyst"—which is the least it can do for a former employee) can they simultaneously mount a flanking operation against their student wing? And yet, perhaps they must. If Welch, Rockwell and Walker are momentarily embarrassing to the movement, the challenge of the students is a mortal one.

I speak of "students." Yet, the public challenge to American conservatism has thus far been the work of one University of Chicago graduate student, Ronald Hamowy. Hamowy, a student of Friedrich Hayek, laid down his gauntlet in the November, 1961, issue of the *New Individualist Review*, the oldest and by far the best of the student conservative publications. Contemporary conservatism, Hamowy charged, is characterized by "a foreign policy likely to result in war," "suppression of civil liberties at home," "devotion to imperialism and white supremacy," "a tendency toward the union of Church and State," "the conviction that the community is superior to the individual and that tradition is a better guide than reason," and "a lukewarm support for the free economy." Conservatives "do not desire so much to limit the state as to control it." This "hierarchical, warlike statism" reminds him of the corporatism of Mussolini and France, but he is content to describe it as "old-time conservatism." He then proceeds to define old-time conservatism as the "conservatism of Pharonic Egypt, of the Inquisition, of Metternich and the Tsar, of James II and Louis XVI, of the rack, the thumbscrew, the whip, and the firing squad." I know that all of this sounds like a liberal or a radical talking, but what makes Hamowy's critique so telling is that he is by no means a provocateur. Writing in the Chicago publication of the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, he comes to the conservative movement with impeccable credentials: ISI is the oldest of the conservative youth groups, and its magazine is pre-eminent in its field. Hamowy genuinely feels for the movement; so much so that he sends his criticisms to the magazine that he feels is responsible for the sorry state of affairs before printing them. We are thus able to read *National Review's* reply in the same issue of *NIR*.

"There is room in any society," William F. Buckley is ready to concede to Hamowy, "for those whose only concern is for tablet-keeping; but let them realize that it is only because of the conservatives' disposition to sacrifice in order to withstand the enemy, that they are able to enjoy their monasticism, and pursue their busy little seminars. . . ." Hamowy, however, will have

none of this, and remarks irreverently that, "It might appear ungrateful of me, but I must decline to thank Mr. Buckley for saving my life." What is more, "if he persists in his unsolicited aid, the result will almost certainly be either my death in nuclear war or my imprisonment as an 'un-American'." And why should Hamowy give up? He has, after all, discovered something quite important about American conservatism: namely, that a movement that was once pacifist, isolationist, and non-interventionist, is today mongering for war, calling for intervention everywhere, and a good deal more concerned with the freedom of Moise Tshombe than the freedom of Martin Luther King. And if Buckley could make a career for himself out of his discovery that 20th Century liberalism was not 19th Century liberalism, perhaps Hamowy can do similarly with his discoveries.

The *National Review*, however, has a sharp eye for such historical similarities, (*vide*, its campaign to pass off today's conservative students as the contemporary counterpart of the radical students of the thirties) and is well aware of the subversiveness of Hamowy's message; it returns to the attack in its January 16th, 1962, issue. Buckley has already had a go at young Hamowy, and without any apparent result. So this time the *National Review* rolls out its big gun, in the person of the Aristotle of the American Right and an editor of the *National Review*, Frank S. Meyer. Meyer knows what Hamowy's trouble is — ideas. As Meyer remarked in a startling communication in an early issue of the *National Review*, "It was ideas developed in the *Nation* and *The New Republic* and the *Masses* thirty and forty years ago that seduced a generation . . . the circulations of these magazines were not large, but they spoke to the younger generation in and out of the universities, and won them — with devastating effect." Thus, the danger is clear. But how to write an article about ideas without mentioning the ideas? This is a skill that Meyer developed in his years as a functionary in the Communist youth movement, and has refined on the back pages of the *National Review*. I defy anyone to read Meyer's January 16th article, "The Twisted Tree of Liberty," and tell me what he is talking about. Ronald Hamowy? The *New Individualist Review*? The names are not even mentioned. However, there is "a considered position, developed out of the 'pure libertarian' sector of rightwing opinion, which sharply repudiates the struggle against Communism." Luckily enough, "those who profess these absurd opinions are small in number." However, they do manage to "influence a section of the rightwing, particularly in the universities." Meyer concludes with a warning that the libertarians cannot be left "unchecked."

At present, *National Review* has had the last word. But for the future? Let us all hope. JAMES GATSBY

Our Need To Know

Hell-gate is ajar in Vietnam and is plainly swinging open. All the skill in dialectic of the President cannot alter the fact that large numbers of Americans are daily coming under gunfire in those steaming jungles, and the number is being increased. A soldier shot to death is dead, whether on Omaha Beach, or on Heartbreak Ridge, or in Vietnam. To the man who stops a bullet, this affair in Vietnam is just as big as the Battle of the Bulge; and to his family and friends the pain is as keen, the desolation as complete.

To this outside observer it seems that the President tends to ignore this aspect of the situation. It is no cause for wonder if, busy with the conflagration in front, he tends to ignore the possibility that the woods may take fire behind him. Yet he has a striking example, for it happened to Truman. There is no doubt that the Korean affair was one of the chief factors contributing to the Republican victory in 1952.

Consider, then, that the reasons for the "police action" in Korea were much easier for the average American to understand than are the reasons for our present activity in Vietnam, and it begins to appear that President Kennedy is taking more of a risk than President Truman took. It may be that he is entirely right, but the risk is there. Truman was right, but that did not save him. The trouble was that the operation was little understood by the American people.

There is small reason to believe that they are better able to understand such complicated relations today. For eight years the Eisenhower Administration made no effort to inform them. Its policy was to feed them soothing-syrup, not the iron-and-quinine tonic that they needed. So Kennedy has inherited a constituency whose grasp of our real situation is, if anything, less adequate than it was when the trouble started in Korea.

The American people's loyalty to the flag is not in question. It is a matter of their loyalty to Kennedy and the Democratic Party, which is altogether different. If we must pour thousands of men and billions of dollars into Vietnam, we will do so; but that will not prevent us from highly resolving to take an axe to the party that seems to have dragged us into the mess, and that at the earliest opportunity. Unjust? Certainly; but it's politics.

Kennedy's rather snappish response to the reporters

who were trying to get an approximate idea of what this adventure is costing in men and money hints at some lack of realism in his own thinking. He said that he had already told them all that it is safe to tell and they ought to be satisfied with that. But why should they? For eight long years it was the consistent policy of the Eisenhower Administration to tell just as little as possible, and on occasion, as in the U-2 incident, to tell what was not true. This has accustomed the reporters to expect attempts to hoodwink them and even to lie to them. Thus getting at the truth has come to be a game of matching wits. Whether at the White House, the State Department or the Department of Defense, the official spokesman is assumed by the reporters to be a liar and the truth not in him. If they have unfairly carried that attitude over into the Kennedy Administration, the fact may be deplorable, but it is not astonishing.

Among Mr. Kennedy's burdens, in fact, is that of re-establishing confidence in the Presidency. He has to prove, first, that he is acquainted with the true facts, for his predecessor often was not, and, second, that he will speak candidly of what he does know, which his predecessor often did not. It is irritating, no doubt, but it is inescapable, for failure to do it will result in souring public opinion on our whole foreign policy.

How much does the typical American really understand about Vietnam's importance? Not too much, Mr. Kennedy may be assured. He may have read reams of explanation, but none of it was authoritative. He has had no such blazing illumination as he got in that early Fireside Chat when Roosevelt explained the banking and currency situation. That, too, was an obscure subject to the typical American; but in 30 minutes it was lighted up to such a degree that most of us were satisfied that what was being done made sense, and that was all that we wanted to know.

It is all we want to know about Southeast Asia. Whatever is really necessary to do, we will do, and with a right good will even though the cost runs high in both blood and money. But we do want to know that it is necessary, and why, and we will not take the word of any press secretary, or even of any Cabinet secretary. We want to hear from The Man himself because our first need is to know that he knows.

Romney and the Republicans

by Selig S. Harrison



"I know the frustrations and disappointments," says George Romney. "I know the political game. It's true that the Republican Party has permitted itself to be excessively identified with business. I do think, though, it's a better situation than the Democrats have with their people, their organization and their money all coming from the unions. Labor has a tighter grip on the Democrats than business does on the Republicans. Of course, we've had a particularly bad problem in Michigan, with the UAW on one side and a handful of corporations running the Republican caucus."

And the national picture?

"The same elements are present in the national Republican situation, but not in as advanced and acute a form. My main concern is the larger one that both parties are headed in the same direction of the centralized state. It's like a family where there are two sons, and the family is going to take a trip. One of them says I'll drive you there at 60 miles an hour and the other says, No, let me do it, but we'll only go 40. In my book, we cannot go the way of centralized government and still fulfill the revolution started by Jesus the Christ and the founders of the United States."

Talking with Romney and people who have been

close to his rise as a lobbyist in Washington (ALCOA), trade association spokesman (the Automobile Manufacturers) and corporation president (American Motors), one soon concludes that the "new image" Romney wants to give the Republican Party would be all his own. He has some highly individual notions of what the country has to do, at home and abroad; and his own special operating style, which is to rearrange everyone else present in a constellation centering upon George Romney.

Though his sudden projection on the 1964 horizon has been compared to the Wendell Willkie phenomenon in 1940, Romney at close range is not "a Willkie" in the critical sense that he does not speak for eastern Republicanism. Willkie had an old shoe Indiana personality but represented cosmopolitan GOP forces in the intra-Party struggle with the rural and small town regulars. But for all of his smooth good looks and his maverick pronouncements, Romney cannot be typed as a "Modern" in contrast to an "Old Guard" Republican. He is a cross between the sophisticated businessman and the Fundamentalist preacher. The force of the religiosity that makes Romney offbeat and unpredictable cannot be doubted when one learns of

boyhood years in Idaho and Utah almost wholly devoted to the Mormon commitment of his family; of his missionary years, his tithing, and his responsibilities today as president (archbishop) of the Michigan Stake of his Church. Romney's religious dedication deserves the attention given in Sunday Supplement accounts of his life, for it is wholehearted, and it gives his thinking on matters of foreign policy a notably parochial twist.

If he wins election as Governor of Michigan this fall, Romney seems likely to take on a broadly inclusive, middle-of-the-road Republican identity and to claim the present Nixon role of Party unifier. He may consequently find himself strongly situated for the nomination in '64 – and '68 – whether or not Nixon wins in California. At first Nixon thought of Romney as a nice amateur who could front for him in '64 and then conveniently disappear; it was necessary for Nixon to be for someone, if only to validate his campaign assertion that he would serve out all of a four-year term in California. Now the Nixon camp sees Romney as a potential rival for Party control, and one hears hopeful reminders that there will be pitfalls ahead, even if Romney should happen to be elected in November.

As Governor, Romney's luster would no doubt fade somewhat under the unfriendly glare of Democratic and labor opposition. The Willkie analogy comes altogether apart in the contrast between the eight-week blitz of 1940 and the two brutal years of pre-convention exposure in store for Romney. By 1964 he will be a reasonably conventional political figure with known positions on the issues and a much more sharply defined Republican coloration. But the real article that appears before us when the mystique of the '62 model rubs off may prove to have a durable appeal for the Party and the country. For one so intense and so promotional, Romney wears rather well. He has a way of suffusing whatever he says and does with a sense of uplift and earnest purpose that inspires admirers, disarms critics and compels normally hardbitten souls to acknowledge his "sincerity" even when the external facts of a situation might be cause for legitimate doubts.

Romney and Reuther

Walter Reuther and the politically sophisticated leaders of the United Automobile Workers still do not quite know what hit them. The story of how the UAW helped along the gradual political blossoming of Romney which preceded his announced candidacy for Governor is not only a suggestive illustration of his mesmeric powers; it also ranks among the more astonishing chapters of American political folklore, for Romney's election would destroy the work of 14 years in building UAW-Democratic power within Michigan, and his chief claim to the GOP nomination in '64 must lie in

his reputation as the giant-killer who humbled Reuther.

When Romney took charge at American Motors in 1954 one of his first acts was to install a new vice president for industrial relations who happened to be on close personal terms with the Reuthers. The choice of Edward L. Cushman to handle his all-important bargaining with the UAW had much to do with Romney's conversion of deficits into profits and accounts for the progressive relaxation of tensions in the Romney-Reuther relationship which contrasts so markedly with the cold war prevailing between top labor and management personalities in the rest of the auto industry. As director of the War Manpower Commission in Michigan and a Professor of Public Administration at Wayne University, Cushman, a top labor arbitrator, had come up in Detroit during the hard early years of the UAW. Both the hard and soft-boiled labor intellectuals around Reuther knew and trusted him as a literate and high-minded sort who respected what they were trying to do and was really not to be blamed for the misplaced belief that there were such things as socially-minded business executives.

Looking back, Cushman is frank to say that the American Motors offer tempted him in part as an opportunity "to interpret Reuther and Romney to each other." There are those in labor and management alike who believe that Cushman has been much too successful for comfort. Within American Motors itself, Bernard A. Chapman, executive vice president in charge of manufacturing and engineering, has tried to obstruct such Cushman-Romney concessions as the profit-sharing plan embodied in the 1961 union contract. On the labor side the most conspicuous skeptic has been August Scholle, president of the Michigan AFL-CIO Council, who is in the Which-Side-Are-You-On tradition and had his doubts from the start about the soft line on Romney laid down by Reuther, his former special assistant Jack Conway, now deputy director of the Housing and Home Loan Agency, and UAW vice president Leonard Woodcock.

What Cushman did was to lead both Romney and Reuther to the independent discovery that the other had a streak of selfless civic motivation and could not be written off as a lost cause either at the bargaining table, or for that matter, in the affairs of the state and the nation. In a wartime speech as managing director of the Automobile Manufacturing Association, Romney had spoken of Reuther as "the most dangerous man in America." But addressing the American Bankers Association on October 23, 1959, he attempted to recant, praising certain cases of UAW "statesmanship in our situation" and explaining that "the Walter Reuther of today is a different Walter Reuther. I don't know where Walter Reuther is going to wind up in the economic and political battles that are shaping up in

America. It is not that he doesn't have some of the ideas he had then, he does. However, he's not advocating comparable programs of socialism. They still have some of it in them, but they're not comparable." Reuther later reciprocated on the occasion of the signing of the 1961 American Motors contract. Romney had made possible "the most significant and historic collective bargaining agreement ever written in the United States," and Ed Cushman had shown "good faith and good sense and vision."

Charisma for a Candidate

In early 1959, Romney had nailed down American Motors' profits securely enough to permit, for the first time, the luxury of thoughts about civic affairs and politics. Ramblers had risen from nowhere to fifth place in the US auto market; and a company which lost \$20 million in 1956 and did not go into the black until late 1957, netted \$35 million after taxes in the six months preceding March 1. *Time* in a cover story on April 6, 1959, gave Romney credit due for "one of the most remarkable selling jobs in the history of US industry" and reported "suggestions that he run for Governor of Michigan or President of the US." Ten days later Thomas Mahoney, a public relations man on the staff of the Madison Avenue firm representing American Motors in New York, Dudley, Anderson and Yutzy, flew out to Detroit for the first of a series of conferences with Romney on a book about his life. (Harpers' subsequent publication of *The Story of George Romney* in February, 1960, came as an interesting surprise in Detroit.)

Romney staged a private dinner on April 28, 1959, at the Sheraton Cadillac in Detroit to discuss the formation of a non-partisan "Citizens for Michigan" movement which was to have a place in Michigan history as the catalyst responsible for the organization of the Constitutional Convention now meeting in Lansing and was to serve, or so it turned out, as the springboard for Romney's gubernatorial candidacy. To at least one of those present - Robert S. McNamara, then president of the Ford Motor Company - it occurred that Romney might end up in politics. Riding down in the elevator afterward, McNamara asked one of his dinner companions what he thought Romney had in mind for himself. He had already acquired a "good government" image in Detroit as the chairman of a citizen study group which had sold the city on a badly-needed \$90 million school financing program. It seemed logical to both men that success in this new statewide venture to resolve the impasse on fiscal policy in the legislature would - and properly should - qualify Romney for leadership in Lansing.

McNamara was one of a group of influential, free-

floating Republicans in Detroit who could not stomach GOP orthodoxy in Michigan and made intermittent efforts to find and bankroll attractive candidates. Another Ford executive, Charles Moore, vice president for civic and government relations, had written speeches as a White House special assistant during the first year of the Eisenhower Administration and was a family friend and neighbor of Romney's in Bloomfield Hills. Martin Hayden, editor of the *Detroit News* and for many years a Washington correspondent, argued that incumbent Democratic Senator Pat McNamara was a pushover, that Mennen Williams would not run for a seventh term as Governor in 1960, and that the state was at last ready for a change after 12 years of Democratic rule.

Labor had not been represented among the six at the April dinner or the broadened group of 15 convened a month later. When a preliminary organization session of "Citizens for Michigan" was called on June 19, however, several labor personalities were invited, touching off a serious intramural debate over how to deal with Romney. "Gus" Scholle uneasily decided that State Council vice president George Murphy might just as well go to look in on the proceedings, but by the time of Murphy's death in a September auto accident, Scholle had set himself against further Council identification with what he regarded as an obvious Romney promotion. At Ed Cushman's instance, the UAW then settled on union participation in the persons of Leonard Woodcock and Jack Conway as members of the board of directors. Judah Drob of the Communications Workers also agreed to join. Enthusiastic press accounts of "Citizens for Michigan" plans stressed the presence of labor and industry (McNamara and baby foods manufacturer Dan Gerber were on the board) and rapidly bestowed on Romney the charisma of one with a unique saving power, enabling him to unite diverse factions and rescue Michigan from bankruptcy.

On the occasion of his election as CFM chairman on September 21, Romney stated that he would not be a candidate for political office and exhorted those taking part in the new movement to act as citizens rather than members of interest groups. Some overt talk concerning his possible availability for Senator nevertheless began to crop up in the autumn and winter months. Behind the scenes Martin Hayden at the *News*, Charles Moore at Ford, and GOP National Committeeman John Martin were talking up the idea; and Romney's friend William Stirton, vice president of the University of Michigan and a CFM founder, was running it down, arguing that he should not waste himself on a junior senatorship representing the state's minority party. Meanwhile, Scholle continued to argue against labor involvement with the CFM and finally exploded when labor was asked to enlist local unionists to help in a

statewide organizational expansion drive.

He addressed a personal letter of protest to Walter Reuther dated January 8, 1960, citing chapter and verse from Romney's speeches and public statements.

Dear Walter:

Several months ago we briefly discussed the possibility of cooperating in the Citizens for Michigan group organized by George Romney. I have had very grave misgivings about Mr. Romney's activities because during the years I have known Mr. Romney he has been a cog in the Republican Party machinery here.

As far as I have knowledge he has never changed his attitude one iota in spite of his vigorous protestations that he is currently non-partisan in his approach. . . .

Needless to say, I have always looked upon him as being fundamentally anti-labor. I wonder whether all of our union officials are aware of what Mr. Romney has said about our unions in the past, and even in recent months. . . . Throughout his speeches Mr. Romney has very skillfully made the inference that labor is the lone big bad wolf in political domination of party organizations — as he puts it, "as business did earlier." I think our participation in the Romney Citizens for Michigan Committee might conceivably boomerang on us when on some future occasion Mr. Romney may declare the Republican Party the only party free from domination by an economic pressure group.

I believe that this is a matter which should be thoroughly discussed by a small group in order that we can all, if possible, approach this problem with the same perspective.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
AUGUST SCHOLLE

But the matter was not formally resolved in a "small group." To this day, the labor personalities who were directly involved are not entirely sure what to make of Romney. An exception is Judah Drob, who was disenchanted when the Senate talk went on and on without a disclaimer, despite intense labor pressure. Romney had appeared before a CFM board meeting on January 30, 1960, to share his thoughts on the Senate decision. He had come to have "grave doubt" whether CFM could succeed with a mere 1,950 members, and reported that a meeting with Michigan Republican leaders several days earlier had "disclosed the possibility of achieving a goal of one party in Michigan freed from excessive organized minority influence. . . . Perhaps this, too, is too idealistic." The fact that he finally decided not to run when the former president

of the League of Women Voters got up at the meeting and openly questioned his motives could not restore the bloom to the rose. "[Romney] was clearly unstable," says Drob, "and did not know his own mind. Possibly we should have left then. He had let us down and had given complete vindication to people like Gus who said it was a political buildup."

(Among Republicans, Romney's announcement for the Senate had been expected as a matter of course at the January 30 CFM meeting. His decision not to run followed the attack on his bonafides and a hastily convened conference in the hall with Ed Cushman and several friends. "If I had known he was going to change his mind," a friend recalls McNamara as having said, "I would have gone out in the hall myself.")

In the Reuther circle the tone of the conversation one hears about Romney in February, 1962, is that he is "compartmentalized. Remember Arthur Holly Compton. He's a scientist and yet a staunch Fundamentalist. Romney is an honest guy in a disorganized kind of way. He'll take a position honestly, and if it doesn't fit with something else he's done, that doesn't faze him." Leonard Woodcock also gives him the benefit of the doubt. "The man has an open mind, I've seen him change it in the middle of a meeting. It just wouldn't be correct to say that we were played for suckers. I'm sure that when CFM was started he didn't have running for Governor in mind. In fact, Ed Cushman seemed to be pushing him into it. Possibly he thought of the Senate someday but that would have been different. I think the situation changed when the Nixon people took him to the top of the mountain and showed him '64."

The Senate would indeed have been different because even if Romney did get to Washington, this would have been no assault on the general structure of labor-Democratic power in Lansing. Moreover, the implications of a labor boycott on CFM may have seemed even more unfortunate in mid-1959 than lending it support. The press would have blamed labor and the Democrats for defeating the last best chance to unravel Michigan finances. Since Romney was likely to go ahead with CFM anyway, Reuther decided that the UAW should do its best to push the policy of the new group in desirable directions.

The view that Romney was actually subject to labor influence and that he took pride in his non-partisan standing gained force from certain concessions in his CFM stand on state tax policy and his decision not to run for the Senate in 1960. Intensifying Republican interest in him did not shake labor's hope that he could be neutralized as a direct political threat through encouraging him in a non-partisan community leadership role. Woodcock and Reuther were still trying to talk him out of running for Governor as late in the

proceedings as the last week of January.

Romney recalls today that he and Richard Nixon had "five or six" meetings, some unpublicized, in Detroit, Washington and New York after their first meeting at the National Auto Show in 1956. The two men have a mutual friend and go-between in J. Willard Marriott, the Washington "Hot Shoppes" millionaire and a Mormon, who arranged for a talk with the Vice President on the eve of the Senate decision in January, 1960. Nixon was looking ahead to the November Presidential election and is said to believe that Romney's presence on the ticket might have made the difference in Michigan and thus in the overall electoral tally. Dwight Eisenhower apparently knew something of Romney at this stage through another mutual friend (and Mormon), Ezra Taft Benson, but it was not until six hours at Gettysburg on December 14, following an appearance at the Constitutional Convention, that Eisenhower began talking about Romney for '64.

The 38-year-old Michigan Republican who shares Romney's Lansing hotel suite while the Constitutional Convention is on, Richard Van Dusen, a former state legislator and candidate for attorney general, expresses bemusement at the present plight of the labor people and Democrats.

"They've built a graven image, and now they have to destroy it. But it's too late."

"We Have to Have Them"

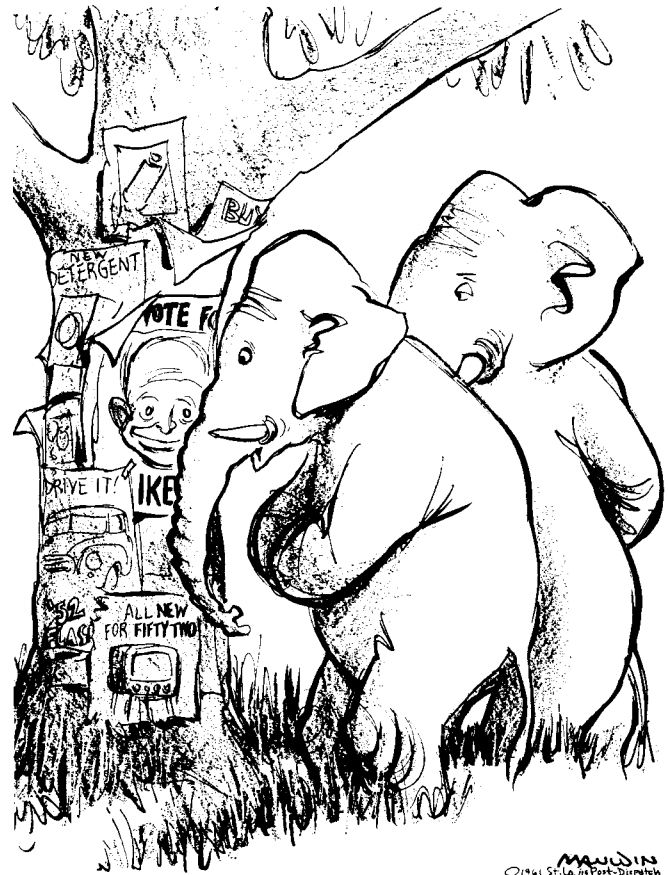
In the campaign now underway, the UAW image-destroyers have to assign an anti-labor bias to the man who has just signed a profit-sharing agreement scheduled to give each American Motors production worker a \$379 benefit at the end of the current company book-keeping year on October 1.

Romney poses a novel problem for labor propagandists because he deviates in almost all major respects from the stereotype of the boss. "The notion that profit is our main goal," he says, "is in complete conflict with our political and religious concepts as a nation." As vice president at Nash-Kelvinator before the merger with Hudson and the formation of American Motors, Romney flabbergasted fellow executives by arguing, in the name of the workers, against the shutdown of the unprofitable Detroit Kelvinator plant: With bad management partly to blame for the poor showing of the plant, the company could not escape a moral responsibility to save their jobs if at all possible.

Yet the unions can find cause for alarm in the persistence of Romney's demands over a period of nearly 20 years for national action to break up industry-wide bargaining and to extend the antitrust laws to labor. (State right to work laws, he says, are ill-advised, for while they "might have some bearing where organiza-

tion has not occurred, they have no particular bearing where excessive union power already exists.") He sounds as if he means it. To a member of his board of directors who has privately expressed doubt concerning the political feasibility of his reforms, Romney responds that "we *have* to have them or we're through as a country."

In his speech to the Farm Bureau Convention on December 12, Romney prefaced his demand for an end to industry-wide bargaining with an assurance that "the rise of collective bargaining power and union power . . . was needed - to offset the abuses arising out of excessive power on the employer side. I know this was a necessary thing. However, I think it became overbalanced - increasingly so in *recent years* [italics added]." Actually, investigation suggests that Romney's conception of "recent years" reaches back to the Wagner Act. While management had preponderant bargaining power in the early Thirties, he told the Associated Industries of Massachusetts on December 10, 1945, "The Wagner Act and other laws not only fostered and encouraged the organization of workers, but permitted their organization and growth of power to take place without any limitations. . . . The present



"Out of 180 million people there must be another one."

situation is as unbalanced as it was prior to the Wagner Act and is steadily growing more so." Testifying for the Automobile Manufacturers before the Mead Committee inquiry on war manpower problems on March 9, 1945, he characterized industry-wide bargaining as "a major step toward the corporate state and the cartelization of American industry. . . . We believe the new national labor policy should lodge the responsibilities for collective bargaining in a union exclusively representing the employees of a single employer." (His suggestion that "executives and staffs of international unions could provide economic research, reporting, technical, public relations and advisory services to their autonomous union members" appears word for word in some of his contemporary proposals for labor reform.) In a November 20, 1946, speech he called the CIO industrial unions "a super-union counterpart of the old public utility holding companies."

The Romney Platform

The genesis of Romney's widely-publicized present views on the need for restrictions on bigness in all sectors of the economy can be found in his lecture to a class in trade association management at Northwestern University on October 3, 1946, while he was still managing director of the Automobile Manufacturers Association. Citing as his scripture Elton Mayo's *The Social Problems of an Industrial Civilization*, he analyzed "the growing inability of American functional groups to cooperate" and warned of the dangers inherent in "the obvious fact that modern industry . . . has developed our dependence on each other to the point where misuse of individual freedom by a handful of industrialists, or a handful of workers, can create distress and hardship for millions." Labor was still the greater villain, but "most American trade associations" were also guilty of putting their selfish interests ahead of the common weal.

Though his speeches as a young executive on the way up at Nash-Kelvinator and American Motors after 1948 allude now and then to the social responsibilities of industry, Romney did not broaden his position to include a full-scale attack on bigness in business as well as in labor until his voluntary appearance before the Kefauver Committee on February 7, 1958. An original and comprehensive Romney platform now emerged. "Competitive, cooperative consumerism," not capitalism, was the genius of the US economic system – a genius perverted by the "fundamental, fatal conflict between the labor laws, which are premised on the principle of monopoly, and the antitrust laws, which are premised on the principles of competition."

Business power should be diffused through antitrust reforms providing for a "split-off" into new enterprises

whenever a company commanded more than 35 percent of the market in one basic industry, as in the case of General Motors and Ford. Payment of the capital gains tax would be postponed at the time of transfers resulting from application of Romney's proposed new statute (but would be payable later when the stock was sold) so as to write directly into the law the principle that the company being broken up was not being penalized for its success. At the same time, "national" labor organizations spanning a number of companies in the same industry could no longer bargain on an industry-wide basis, though "affiliated unions representing employees of a single large company regardless of size" would be permitted to do so. Romney stressed that the union and industry proposals were inseparable. "I am not here to advocate one versus the other." If put into effect "jointly and simultaneously," the breakup of excessive power in both industry and labor could have a desirable shock effect on the economy and materially improve the cost-price position of US manufacturers in world markets. Pent-up competitive impulses would be released within US business, while the taming of labor would automatically serve to hold down the wage-price spiral.

The unorganized consumer and the farmer are pictured as the fall guys in the Romney analysis: "Whereas protected industrial markets . . . helped to create the imbalance in the Twenties and earlier and still play a part in the disparity between agricultural prices and industrial prices, today you have added on top of that this tremendous power of the unions to secure wage increases . . . with the result that industrial prices of necessity are going up, because along with agriculture, which is being squeezed heavily, and of course those on fixed incomes are being squeezed heavily, industrial profits have been squeezed heavily. Sure, you can find one or two examples like General Motors. . . ."

Romney underscored that his target is not bigness in industry as such, but simply the excessive concentration of power within particular industries and its stultifying effect on competition.

Senator O'Mahoney: I understand your point to be that such a limitation would not curb incentive –

Mr. Romney: That is right.

Senator O'Mahoney: If it were understood that after a company had reached such a size, it ought to split up like a snake and make some more snakes?

Mr. Romney: Well, it ought to give – we ought to have a birth and have two where we had one, and birth is something to be celebrated rather than to be deplored.

Senator O'Mahoney: In other words, after reaching that size, there would be a new organization taking over the business. Perhaps it might be owned by the

same stockholders, but under a different management?

Mr. Romney: That is correct. And, of course, stock ownership shifts, as you know, very rapidly these days.

Under further questioning by Senator O'Mahoney, Romney said that companies should be free to have a "horizontal spread" across a number of industries so long as there were "an adequate number of competing companies within each industry."

Significantly, Ed Cushman does not share some of his employer's more controversial views and is not going along with Romney into politics. Cushman takes particular exception to the feature of Romney's plan for the breakup of industry-wide bargaining which places on local unions more responsibility for the conduct of labor relations than he feels they can carry. The Romney program for a national labor policy appears to be pure Romney. Cushman has worked out an *avant garde* labor policy for Romney at American Motors that happens to fit the needs of both the union and the company in the general context of the auto industry. The most recent contract is a case in point. American Motors was in effect given a choice between helping the UAW to set the industry pace on favorable terms or facing much stiffer demands later on. To the anguish of General Motors, which was driven to accept a high level of fringe benefits charged up to fixed costs (profit-sharing at American Motors is a variable dependent on earnings), Romney went along with the union; but this had as much to do with the competitive position of American Motors as with what Romney thinks about a national labor-management policy.

The fact that Romneyism as a solution for national economic ills would also conveniently get rid of American Motors' giant competition was the subject of considerable razzing in 1958. Romney responded simply that he had long held his views but refrained from voicing them until his company was in the black. A close friend who is a director of American Motors doubts that he would ever do much about breaking up GM and Ford, "unless Chrysler got into trouble."

Romney agrees that he was not worried about bigness in his nine years (1930-39) as a youngster with the Aluminum Corporation of America, though he adds that ALCOA was a "good monopoly. They did not make much on invested capital - about six percent in the years I was with them." Friends who knew his mind during his first decade in Detroit at the Automobile Manufacturers Association, among them William McGaughey, now an American Motors vice president, do not recall that he ever expressed private concern over the size of the industrial units he was then representing.

"If you ask me, 'Does he rationalize his position and identify it with larger things?', I would have to say

yes," reflects McGaughey. "But we all do. George has a flair for dramatizing himself and his activities as being in the main channels and not in the subsidiary streams. He has to feel that what he's doing is important, he's not piddling around with minor league things. It wouldn't be fair, though, to say that the bigness thing had no roots. He came here from Salt Lake with a sort of ingrained Western feeling about the utilities, the railroads, Wall Street, and there were some things he saw that he didn't like."

The man who got Romney his AMA job, Pyke Johnson, now chairman of the national Highway Research Board, states that "those ideas probably did not develop until as head of the American Motors family he began to think in terms of American Motors. You know, among the Mormons, the man is the head of the family. It's a serious thing, he's responsible and he's for the family all the way."

Affluence and Indiscipline

So much of Romney on domestic issues has been spread across the record in literally hundreds of speeches that my interest during our two hours of conversation was directed almost entirely to his thinking about the world. The horizons of his thesis on bigness are international. "We will have to trim the fat in our economy if we are going to compete with the Communists and realize our mission," he begins. "We cannot go on as we are. Our domestic and international problems are interrelated and interlocking. If we don't get competition back into this economy of ours in the right way and provide for economic birth, then we are never going to solve the agricultural problem and we are certainly going to let down the underdeveloped areas of the world."

But whose fat is to be trimmed?

"The character of collective bargaining in this country must change or we are going to lose our present international economic standing. We are costing and pricing ourselves out of world industrial markets. And there are more and more imports. We're getting into a situation in which we are putting American industry on economic stilts like those we have put under American agriculture with subsidies."

When asked what sacrifice he has in mind for business, Romney points out simply that limitations on corporate size "will greatly increase competition and make our companies leaner and harder. They'll do better in world markets then, but we'll have to give more study to all of the factors affecting modernization and productivity."

Romney gives the impression at first in some of his speeches that he is addressing himself in a daring manner to the central national issue of how this affluent so-

ciety can be competitive with others less affluent and more disciplined. His emphasis on this issue inspires the hope that he might be the man to enlist all sectors of American society in equitably shared sacrifice; and even the one-sided demands that he makes on labor do not entirely dispel the thought that he might have something fresh to say. But when pressed to spell out his thoughts on how the US should adapt its economy to changes abroad, Romney turns stale, for he has nothing much to add to his 1958 testimony. "I haven't started to think this through." To the suggestion that his reforms would still leave us pretty fat and that more of our private affluence might be channeled into the public sector, Romney responds with warnings of the perils in too much centralized federal power, though he believes that more of our resources should go into state and municipally-financed public improvements and expresses concern that "we are an island of prosperity in the midst of world poverty and starvation, outside of Western Europe and a few other places. I was run out of Mexico with my parents at the age of five because of the envy of the Mexican people. My people were as poor as they were but through knowledge and industry made the deserts blossom 'as the rose'. But they didn't communicate and help others adequately and just got run out. One of the most serious problems we face is coping with the envy of the world."

Can the US maintain an ever-advancing standard of living while the underdeveloped countries fall more and more behind?

"We've got to accelerate this thing terrifically. If we develop the right concepts we can help them to catch up. With our own head start we're in a position to help them make progress faster than we do ourselves. You can't blame them, they want it just like those Mexicans. But first we have to get off the side roads and the dead end streets."

Romney-Style Foreign Aid

Brought down to countries and continents, Romney sketches a distinctly Romney-style foreign aid program. The centerpiece would be an "International Bridge" idea which arises out of his experience with American Motors operations abroad. Romney has gone to look into some of his interests in Latin America and Europe, though he has never been to Asia, Africa or the Middle East, and he is sensitive to the charge of "economic imperialism." He stresses that American Motors enters into "partnership" arrangements with locally-owned licensee plants. The "Bridge" idea would establish patterns of cooperation between private entrepreneurs on a grand scale. "Take two companies,

two private companies in two countries. They'd set up an international manufacturing bridge between themselves, with the exchange of production limited exactly to equal national-content production values flowing in each direction." Canada, let us say, could make tariff-free aluminum components for the American automobile industry, while the US would send back cars in equal proportions, also free of tariff.

Romney has the viewpoint of an internationally-minded businessman on trade with the Common Market, though he observes that "our businesses are already over there, so lowering tariffs doesn't get at it." He has no use, however, for the general drift of the foreign economic policies pursued by Republican and Democratic Administrations. Government to government loans, he believes, promote statism. "We're not even headed in the right direction! We're encouraging people along the wrong lines all over the world, and we're not convinced ourselves anymore of the universal application of our principles. We're retreating and shrinking before political tyranny and central economic control."

What do we do when a country not under Communist domination goes the way of "political tyranny and central control"?

"Persuade them they're off the track, by precept and example! Now, I am not advocating that we coerce anyone, but we have to know where we are going. We have to ask ourselves: What is it that we are trying to do? What are they trying to do? Are they completely wedded to a statist society? Then we have to decide whether the direction they're going in is the direction we're going in."

Suppose it is not, as in the case of most of the countries of Asia, Africa, the Middle East and the bigger Latin American powers?

"Well, that's contrary to our principles. We've got to - we might just as well face the fact that we have to push them in the right direction. We need a vision of what can be, and we have to fire them up with that. If we were really working a program that showed them what could be done, here at home and in at least a few places over there, they'd follow us. There's no use encouraging them where they're wrong, where there's too much state control. If we're going to help, we have to make sure it's going to help. Otherwise, it's like giving a kid whatever he wants."

Does he attach importance to disparities in stages of social and economic development in Ghana or India or Brazil that might account for their un-American evolution?

"I believe that our American principles, politically and economically, are in accord with the laws of the universe. We have to believe in that! I recognize, of course, that there might be some situations where

we'll have to do things we don't like for military or humanitarian reasons. The question to ask in any case is, 'Do they acknowledge a Creator?'

Romney leaves one uncertain whether he would continue much of the present foreign aid program. He complains that "we are wasting resources, we've just taken a shotgun approach to the world." He sees little to choose between "mixed" economies and full-scale state control. He is for aid to those countries "responsive" to our suggestions on the best course for their economic development. At the same time, he reacts strongly to the suggestion that he is not for foreign aid or international cooperation. He talks feelingly of the need for "American pioneers with a world vision and a world identity." He observes uneasily that "we can't wait" for everyone to conform to our image. "I recognize that there's no cheap way." When asked several times, he seemed to say that the economic aid level (\$1.2 billion) in the 1961-62 mutual security budget cannot be lowered.

The American Mission

The theme of America's mission in the world has been preached by Romney for years and one senses that he could no more mute it than he could his convictions on labor. It is his belief that the US Constitution is divinely ordained, and he cites, in support, the revelation of Joseph Smith in Liberty Jail (Section 101 of the Doctrine and Covenants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints) in which "God made plain His part in the establishment of our basic political and social instruments. . . . Ours was the first nation created on the . . . premise of the Divine Origin of Man."

Addressing the University of Utah on February 26, 1949, Romney indicated a special pride in his native West as the true custodian of American freedom. "The South retains remnants and tendencies of a feudal aristocratic civilization, and the East tends to a class-conscious ruling plutocracy and, in the industrial areas, class-conscious industrial workers. What, then, of the West? . . . In the West, for the first time, a people already free worked for their own political, social and economic salvation. These pioneers were uninhibited by inequalities, save those inherent in the nature of man." His concluding appeal was "to get on with the Christian and American Revolution" to demonstrate, 'scoffers and doubters to the contrary . . . that America was discovered, the Constitution written, and the West settled . . . as a part of the Divine Plan to remove peoples everywhere from all forms of bondage." (The same words are in a 1959 Utah speech, though "the West settled" is replaced with "the gospel restored.")

He is aware that legions of scholars, notably Louis

Hartz in *The Liberal Tradition in America*, have wondered whether Americans "born free" can "ever understand peoples that have to become so." But Romney is not daunted by the fact that in this world, those who are "uninhibited by inequalities" are a small minority. He has his own favorite scholar, Max Ways of *Time*, whose 1959 book *Beyond Survival* argues that the American Way is transferrable abroad, and calls for a revamped foreign policy governed by a newly-defined National Purpose rather than by the National Interest. Among other things, Mr. Ways concerns himself with the "importance of how religion and politics make their inevitable contact." Romney often uses quotations from Ways in his speeches and sends copies of *Beyond Survival* to friends. Lebanon's Charles Malik is also quoted, often with mention of the fact that he is a "Christian Arab." Billy Graham was quoted after Romney attended a Washington dinner in his honor on March 13, 1960. Graham's report on returning from a world tour that "we are surrendering on the installment plan" impressed Romney.

"Is it coexistence and accommodation or is it victory and worldwide application of our principles that we believe in?" he asked the Kiwanis International Convention on June 30, 1960. "Is it to support the enemies of our enemies because they are against what we are against, or is it to support the principles of human freedom because we believe in them?" The *Detroit News* was moved to join issue in an editorial arguing that "coexistence is what we have now and what we intend to keep on having because the alternative to it is war. . . . It is an accommodation in the sense of adapting our foreign policy to [American and Russian nuclear stockpiles] though not an accommodation in the sense of reconciling ourselves to the Communist purpose of world domination. . . . We don't live to conduct a foreign policy. We conduct a foreign policy to live in a certain way."

Romney man-to-man is generally less flamboyant than Romney on the platform, and this is particularly so when one turns to global strategy, which is "something you and I can't know a great deal about. The President has the facts before him." He remains circumspect, but complains that "Khrushchev has the initiative, and so long as you're on the defensive you're in the wrong position. . . . I can't understand why with a thorough knowledge of what he's going to do we can't beat him to the punch." On China and Asia policy, he remarks that "we are on the defensive there, and the defensive path ultimately will lead us to defeat in that area. We have to look at this in the light of our mission and see in what ways our policy needs to be reshaped."

With his rhetorical assaults on "co-existence and accommodation," Romney sounds a faint echo of the

Radical Right. But he has denounced the Birch Society as "reprehensible." And on November 11, 1961, he told the rightist All-American Society of Provo, Utah, organized by Ezra Benson's son, Reed, that "infiltration of Communism is not the greatest problem facing our country. It is the failure to deal with the problems within our country and to exercise our responsibility to the yearning millions of the world who are not as fortunate as we are."

Mormons, Catholics, Negroes

The Romney image went through a subtle metamorphosis when he announced that he would fast for 24 hours and seek Divine Guidance in deciding whether to run for Governor. The discovery that this was standard Romney operating procedure came as a confusing surprise to those who expected something straight out of *Executive Suite*.

"The big clown," said "Gus" Scholle on the morning of his announcement. "He thinks he has a private pipeline to God." Romney's retort that "the same pipeline is available to Mr. Scholle, if he cares to take advantage of it" led Scholle to counterattack with a press release citing Matthew (6:5) on the virtue of unpublicized prayer ("And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as hypocrites are, for they love to pray standing in the streets, that they may be seen of men").

"BIBLICAL SLAP AT ROMNEY STIRS FUROR" reported the *Detroit Free Press*. "Democrats shuddered visibly. . . . Republicans, hoping to keep religion out of the campaign altogether, were equally unhappy." The editor of the official organ of the Grand Rapids Catholic Diocese was quoted as saying that "no man, no matter how big he is — which includes Scholle — has any right to hold to scorn a man's religious practices."

Politically speaking, the implications of a prolonged dialogue revolving around religion are difficult to calculate. Roughly 60 percent of Michigan citizens were listed as without formal denominational affiliation in a recent survey by the Michigan Council of Churches. Nationally, the figure is 40 percent. But the director of the Michigan Council, Harold C. McKinney, a close Romney adviser, pooh-poohed the idea that the country is getting too sophisticated for religion. "Don't underestimate the strength of religious identification," warns McKinney. Most of Michigan's errant 60 percent, he says, feel a "psychological" affinity with some religion; for practical political purposes, Michigan is closer to 50 percent Protestant, 30 percent Catholic, and 20 percent unaffiliated. "There's a whole new current of mixed religious and political consciousness out here, a popular unease, you know, arising out of the inability to see solutions to the tremendous range of problems confronting us, international and domestic.

This will definitely be an election factor here, and you'll see it in the reaction to George around the country. Why do you think Billy Graham has such a following? I see a real possibility that George will be able to mobilize some of this uneasiness and spiritual searching into constructive channels."

Romney's reputation as a non-smoker and non-drinker — he serves cocktails to visitors, though he is not, strictly speaking, supposed to do so — enhances his appeal among the religious-minded of all faiths. He deplores the fact that "we have turned the Sabbath into anything but what it was designated for." At a Commencement of Cranbrook Boys School, he said that "personal purity and chastity are absolutely priceless possessions and just as vital for boys as for girls."

"Every politician tries to make himself look like a Christ-er," comments a pro-Romney Detroit editor. "But this fellow really is one."

Romney's speeches carry a nondenominational spiritual emphasis and rarely remind the listener of his Mormonism. He was awarded an Americanism citation by the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League in 1959 and has patched up relations with the Michigan Roman Catholic hierarchy. The Mormon prophet Nephi called the Roman Church "the mother of abominations," and Romney, one hears, does not always seem "comfortable" with his Catholic friends. When his strong Mormon sentiments on the separation of church and state appeared in Catholic eyes to intrude on his role at the state Constitutional Convention last month, signs of disquiet could be discerned, but the traditionally Democratic Michigan Catholic hierarchy has reportedly decided to divide its bets this fall.

Nationally, Romney's Mormonism would probably bother parts of the Bible Belt more than it would Catholics in the cities. Some still remember the clashes which accompanied the migration of the clannish Saints Westward. But it is a long time since Boies Penrose broke up the 1907 debate over seating Reed Smoot in the Senate with his celebrated outburst: "Give me a Mormon who does not polyg rather than a non-Mormon who practices monogamy but does not monog!"

(Romney's father is a polygamous child, but Romney is not. He has 165 first cousins.)

Curiously, Governor John Swainson also was born a Mormon. But Swainson's family belonged to the "Reorganized" Church — the 175,000 Josephites, after Joseph Smith — with headquarters in Independence, Missouri, as distinct from the 1.5 million Brighamites headquartered in Salt Lake City. (The Josephites have not been associated with the practice of polygamy.) And Swainson has been a Lutheran since his marriage, while Romney is president of the Detroit Stake of the Church. The coincidence, however, may help take some of the steam out of the Mormon issue in the Dutch

Reformed country along Lake Michigan.

But among Michigan's 700,000 Negroes the Mormon label may do Romney some damage. The book of Moses (5:16-41) tells devout Mormons that the Lord turned Cain black as a curse for the murder of Abel; that the Negro lineage was preserved through the flood when Noah's son Ham married Egyptus, a descendant of Cain; and that the members of the accursed Negro race cannot be admitted today to the Mormon priesthood. During hearings on the nomination of Sterling McMurrin as US Commissioner of Education, Sen. Joseph Clark asked McMurrin whether his Mormon faith implied a bias on school integration. McMurrin said it did not and added that "I do not accept the position of the Mormon Church with respect to Negroes. I have made this very clear to the people of the Church." Romney, however, reacts differently, insisting that "my Church teaches me the Negro is my brother and that the Negro can attain the celestial kingdom just as I can." He sidesteps the Book of Moses, calling attention instead to the Book of Nephi (27:33), which states that the Lord "denied none that come unto him, black and white, bond or free, male or female. . . ." Romney links the Nephi citation to the fact that Joseph Smith was an ardent abolitionist.

Indirectly, he acknowledges the Church position when he says that "the question is whether it has any influence on my attitude as a citizen toward Negroes and their rights. It does not." He lists support for an inter-racial housing cooperative and calls attention to Article 1, Section 3 of the 1961 contract committing American Motors and the UAW to "the policy that applicants will be hired and employees will be treated" without discrimination as to race, creed or national origin – the first provision of its kind in the industry.

Asked whether he would work to remove the ban on entry into the priesthood if he were one of the twelve Mormon apostles, Romney said that "if I were to be in the position you mention, I would not consider that something I would have to do with." Suddenly, he grows intense, observing that "if people don't think ours is the true Church, it makes one wonder when they're concerned about the priesthood, doesn't it?"

Republican leaders think that the "sleeper" in Romney's encounter with the Negro community may lie in his capacity to communicate as an evangelical orator and in the sense of kinship between Negro Baptists and the Fundamentalist Mormons. Cornelius McNeil, the butler in J. Willard Marriott's home in Washington who sees a lot of Romney, thinks he's wonderful – "always the same man, so nice all the time" – and points out that "they believe the same way and baptize the same way we do. The only difference is they have more money." When Romney starts pouring it on in Negro churches, it is said, there will be a lot of Hallelujah.

But though he hopes to cut down Democratic majorities in Wayne County Negro and labor strongholds, Romney gives his main campaign attention to constructing GOP and independents-for-Romney machinery in normally Republican outstate areas and relatively unpredictable suburban wards centered especially in three populous counties (Macomb, Genesee and Oakland). Michigan voters divide broadly into two deadlocked warring camps – closely organized, Democratic Wayne and the outstate GOP areas – equally matched with 40 percent of the state's power. In recent elections Democratic victories have depended on at least breaking even in the "swing" counties.

Room at the Top

Romney offers Republican politicians the wide-ranging appeal of a man who has made it to the top in the knifeplay of modern American business competition, and yet personifies the old-fashioned virtues. To the junior executive in Chicago, his rise gives reassurance that for all of our bigness, there is still room at the top; and for the young man's mother he is proof that nice boys don't necessarily get there last.

He also brings to the Party an explicit ideology for a winning Republican coalition: Consumerism. In the crossfire between the Old Guard view that the Party's conservative identity should not be forsaken in a long shot bid for the big cities and the Modern Republican argument that Presidential elections are won in the urban wards, Romney says, in effect, that the Party can win in the cities and still be true to its principles. His anti-bigness line is addressed directly to the unorganized urban consumer and white collar worker who worries about high prices and feels caught in the squeeze of faceless giants. In place of the conventional Republican effort to pin the blame one-sidedly on organized labor for all of the ills of the farmer and the consumer, however, Romney provides a new sales approach which has the surface appearance of dispensing evenhanded justice to labor and management.

Romney has a lot to offer his party, but in the end he might be rejected nonetheless. If so, the reason will not be that he is too "Modern" a Republican. It will be, in part, because political managers find a maverick unpredictability worrisome. But the preacher in him raises the really serious doubts. Frank Rising, who was director of the Automotive Parts Manufacturers Association while Romney was at the Automobile Manufacturers, praises Romney's drive and courage but concludes that "as a politician, he might be a resounding failure. He has no talent for the evasive answer. He is not used to criticism. He can't be the compendium of other people's advice and aspirations. He *can't* be."

WHEN TEACHERS GO ABROAD

President Ngo Dinh Diem has decided not to renew his multi-million dollar technical assistance contract with Michigan State University. Homer Bigart, New York Times correspondent, reported from Saigon on February 20 that the break came because "the South Vietnamese leader was particularly upset by two articles in the magazine New Republic" by professors who were among the 1,000 Americans working in Vietnam under MSU contract – one by economist Frank Child, ("Vietnam – the Eleventh Hour," December 4, 1961), the other by Adrian Jaffe and Milton C. Taylor ("A Crumbling Bastion," June 19, 1961). Diem called the articles "harmful." Jaffe and Taylor had written that the "Vietnamese Government is an absolute dictatorship, run entirely by the President with assistance from his family." In the following report, the two authors return to the battle with a discussion of the conflicts that arise when professors serve overseas.

The Professor-Diplomat

Ann Arbor and Cambridge Were Never Like This

by Milton C. Taylor and Adrian Jaffe

It is not just in Vietnam. There are few corners of the world which do not have, side by side with American diplomats, a platoon of American PhD's. During the 1960-61 academic year, 2,218 members of faculties representing 394 American institutions of higher learning served overseas, an increase of 25 percent over the previous year. Their assignments took them to 92 countries; they worked in groups ranging in number from two or three to large-scale missions of 50 or more. While even the smaller schools such as Youngstown University and Tuskegee Institute have been involved in these programs, it is the larger universities which have taken the lead; Michigan State University, for example, contributed 10 percent of the total number of faculty persons abroad.

What do they all do? At what price? And what effect do their missions have on home campuses and higher education in the US?

No altruistic desire to help our government foster economic, social and political development in the non-Communist world alone accounts for the phenomenal growth of the university groups overseas. For a fuller explanation, we must look elsewhere. For example,

MILTON C. TAYLOR was Fiscal Adviser to the Vietnamese Government in 1959-60 and ADRIAN JAFFE was Smith-Mundt Professor of American Literature and Civilization at the University of Saigon in 1957-58. Both now teach at Michigan State University.

university administrations spend a good deal of time competing for public favor and for the blessing of state legislatures; and though having a team of agricultural economists in Pakistan may not be as newsworthy as a winning football eleven, it can be a lever for expanding graduate schools, libraries and general education centers at home. Furthermore, an opportunity to work in a foreign country appeals to many scholars; from the university's point of view, it could thus be classified as a sort of fringe benefit. Such an assignment also appeals to academicians with imperial designs – the entrepreneurs and promoters to whom expansion is in itself a good thing, and to whom the expansion of a bureaucracy is the nearest thing to Heaven.

The overhead costs allowed the universities in most contracts run to 20 percent. That is not a trifling "profit." Michigan State has done well enough to decide it will erect a new building out of the proceeds from its overseas program. On many campuses new layers of bureaucracy have been designed to accommodate the institutions' "international dimensions." There are new administrative units with their own structures of deans to integrate the far-flung activities; coordinators for each project, with batteries of clerks and secretaries to provide logistic support; corps of consultants who offer expert advice; research personnel, trained in the making and mimeographing of reports; grant experts whose job it is to obtain further assignments in other countries; travel agents who can arrange

for the necessary inspection trips by the deans, coordinators and consultants; shipping clerks, freight agents and motor pool staffs.

Now, the crowding out of the line functions on the American campus by purely service functions is not in itself startling: it has been going on for a long time. In a great many colleges and universities, academic personnel huddle in drafty corners while the warm winds of administrative approval caress the football coaches, the trailer-court managers, the maintenance men, the police centers and the secondary education departments. What is alarming about university operations abroad is that the schools have been caught up in endeavors which are often irreconcilable with serious scholarship and which have caused deterioration in the ethical and professional standards of many participating faculty members. In a word, universities have permitted themselves to become branches of the government. As faithful camp-followers of the International Cooperation Administration they have been ready to assist any country which has been selected for support by the Department of State. The Department finds it prudent to support such regimes as those of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam, Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa, and Sukarno in Indonesia, and this may be necessary and useful. But it does not mean that universities should accept unquestioningly, even joyously, the point of view of the Department. An institution of higher learning, devoted to furthering free inquiry and to developing a healthy democratic society, may decide to lend its name, its prestige, its faculty and its resources to assist dictatorial, venal regimes. But surely it should do so only after the most thorough discussion and debate, not just because it is offered paid vacations for its faculty and new file cabinets for the deans.

The kinds of compromise and hypocrisy which these "technical assistance" missions breed may go unnoticed in the US, but not elsewhere. To illustrate, one Vietnamese intellectual, a graduate of the Sorbonne and Cambridge University, remarked that he had lost all respect for higher education in the United States "because visiting American professors are so morally bankrupt." Asked to explain, he referred to an article written by a visiting professor of political science entitled "Vietnam's Democratic One-Man Rule."

If intellectual integrity is compromised, academic standards get equally neglected. Once a professor arrives in a foreign country his objectives are usually laid down by the Embassy, not by his competence. One finds university groups acting as advisers on automobile repair (Spring Garden Institute in Turkey), on the training of typists (New York University in Turkey), and on the fingerprinting of the population (Michigan State University in Vietnam). Along with the academic personnel one finds ex-policemen, ser-

geants, grocery clerks, military advisers, bomb experts, housing administrators. In effect, instead of contributing that which they are uniquely able to provide, they service a client. Their advice is welcomed – if it is the right advice, and conforms to the policy already determined on higher levels; the professor's job is not to decide, in his professional capacity, whether or not it is desirable to devalue the currency, whether or not an electronic computer is required, but only *how* devaluation can be justified, or what *type* of computer would be best for a nation which may have nothing as yet to compute.

Harvard without Harvardmen

These pressures have changed the way universities recruit their overseas staffs. Originally, most tried to send their own people, ensuring a highly-trained group and saving the government from depleting its Washington staffs. But university departments do not have enough specialists in filing, in-service training, personnel management, or the care and handling of small arms; nor do the larger campuses have adequate numbers of typists, motor pool organizers and maintenance men. As a result, the universities recruit from off the campus, on a national scale, competing one with the other, and each with the government. Hence many members of a university's overseas group will have had no previous association with the home campus; and since their qualifications are usually inadequate or inappropriate for employment in an institution of higher learning, it is unlikely that many of them will ever have any further association. An extreme example was the Harvard project in Turkey, which relied almost entirely on "mercenaries." One wonders what impression some Turks now have of Harvard – or for that matter of the Administration's Harvard Brain Trust.

Even in those few areas where US academic participation is really academic and is associated with some foreign university, its purpose is frequently limited to dispensing American aid; the symbol is the dollar rather than the book.

Such work naturally attracts dependable and unimaginative administrative personnel, interested primarily in the perpetuation of their contracts, and second-rate professors singled out for dumping by the university. In their recent book *Is the World Our Campus?*, Adams and Garraty cite the testimony of Turhan Feyzioglu, former Dean of Ankara's Political Science Faculty: "We soon realized that these were not the first-rate scholars New York University had promised us. With possibly one exception, they were mediocrities. They were not the kind of specialists we needed most. . . . They seemed more concerned with getting diplomatic license plates for their cars, buying

Scotch at bargain-counter commissary prices, and joining the social whirl of the cocktail circuit than with helping Turkey. They were status-starved and power-hungry. They treated us not like colleagues and equals, but like benighted souls to be saved from intellectual backwardness."

Thus, a new genus, the professor-diplomat, has come into being. Like all hybrids, he shares some of the characteristics of each parent. He usually has a doctorate, and a certain amount of academic discipline; he may have achieved some distinction at home in research; he has, or had at one time, loyalty to the free pursuit of knowledge. But he also has a sense of identification with the purely pragmatic and political objectives of his own country and of those of his host country (so long as they are acceptable at home), a willingness to be of practical service in any circumstance, and a curious antipathy to subjecting his daily work to the tests of principle. Not infrequently, he has, in addition, a great delight in various civil service rites.

Free Inquiry vs Diplomatic Tact

Unfortunately, this hybrid professor-diplomat rarely fulfills either of his functions satisfactorily. The qualities of a good foreign service officer – loyalty to directives from above, industrious and tactful obedience to the requirements of the establishment – are not the qualities of a good teacher. And the qualities of a professor – independence, detachment, intellectual integrity, freedom of thought – are not of very much practical value to a foreign service officer. Consequently, neither the government nor the universities derive much benefit from the cross-breeding.

If the professor abroad tries to pursue a line of inquiry which would raise his stature as a teacher at home, he finds himself up against agreements which forbid him to publish or to use material to which his host country might take exception. The mere act of participating in many of the university programs involves a surrender of academic freedom which the same professor would resent furiously if it happened in Cambridge or Ann Arbor or Berkeley.

Leaving aside the host of non-academic personnel from whom no intellectual contribution is to be expected despite their academic affiliation, the professor on foreign assignment rarely engages in teaching or research. He may have a little project tucked away which he can unveil from time to time, for display purposes, but for the most part he is essentially an administrator who arranges contracts, resolves personnel problems, attends meetings, entertains dignitaries and negotiates with Washington and its different agencies. His responsibilities differ little from those of a political officer of the Embassy or of a division

head of the ICA. When he returns to the campus, the vaunted "feedback" to his students is almost nil. (He may, however, find that his rank has been enhanced. For many mediocrities a couple of years abroad are the easiest road to promotion – a pattern which is naturally injurious to academic standards.)

He may live much like an Embassy officer. He is vested with semi-diplomatic status, is a familiar figure in the PX, associates with high officials of the host government. The former chief of the Michigan State University Group in South Vietnam, in civil life a professor of political science, was a close competitor in prestige, duties and influence with the US Ambassador himself and on one occasion, when he arrived at the Saigon airport, was offered a motorcycle escort. He set the tone for the entire establishment. He lived in a pretentious home, complete with armed sentry in a box at the door, for which a rent higher than that established by the Ambassador was paid. He was assigned Car Number One from the fleet of 15 government vehicles, a private chauffeur, extra air conditioners and refrigerators. Where back home he might have some friends in for a modest party, in Saigon he lavishly entertained not only members of the diplomatic corps but also a continuous stream of visiting firemen. If the party was unusually large, the police cordoned off his street. The life of the other members of the mission reflected the same spirit, but with somewhat less grandeur.

Adams and Garraty found the same type of university representatives in Turkey. They relate the story of one professor who asked for American flags for the front fenders of his car to make sure that his "diplomatic" status was recognized. They cite the instance of a New York University professor who felt "betrayed" by a change in Turkish government regulations because his predecessors were allowed to sell their cars on the "free" market, while he was forced to sell his to the Turkish government at Blue Book value plus cost of transportation.

The professor-diplomat is hardly back from one tour of duty than he is planning his next. One professor of political science has spent eight of the past 10 years in the Far East; another has already made 22 trips to Asia and is now on his twenty-third. This is not to say that J. K. Galbraith should refuse a diplomatic post in order to continue his economic research. If professors wish to become diplomats for a time, and stop being professors, this may be good for them as individuals and perhaps also for the diplomatic corp. But a man cannot be both scholar and diplomat simultaneously, nor can an institution be at the same time a university and a branch of the American Government. The inept, misdirected and disappointing record of our university programs overseas bears this out.

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

The Tropics of Miller

by David Littlejohn

The most lasting, affecting experience of fighting one's way through the tropics of Miller is meeting the man who built them. Everything he has ever written is a piece of ever-in-progress autobiography, a continuing *roman-fleuve* of The Life of Henry Miller. He quoted Emerson for the epigraph to *Tropic of Cancer*: "These novels will give way, by and by, to diaries and autobiographies – captivating books, if only a man knew how to choose among what he calls experience that which is really his experience, and how to record truth truly." And he has been trying to live up to the prophecy ever since. *Tropic of Cancer*, first published in 1934, is the story of his days (and nights) in Paris and Dijon in the early 1930's. *Tropic of Capricorn* returns us to the five years he spent working in New York, from 1920 to '24. *Black Spring* records, among other things, his turn-of-the-century boyhood in Brooklyn. *The Colossus of Maroussi* and *The Air-Conditioned Nightmare* are "travel books" of a sort, recollections of trips through Greece and America made near the beginning of the war. *The World of Sex* and *The Rosy Crucifixion* trilogy now in progress take most of their material again from New York in the 1920's, and in *Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch* Miller tells of his life on the California coast since 1944. The articles and short stories collected in several other books are all equally autobiographical, all pieces in the ever-growing puzzle of the whole.

In an age of pervasive and overwhelming social integration, Miller has achieved the all-but-impossible stance of total detachment. He is an Individualist so extreme as to seem at times

prehistoric. He is above or below, or beyond, or apart from all our most intimate social concerns. Clashes of ideology, affairs of state, scientific achievements, "progress" in every sense, the whole complex of reservations and deceptions and expectations that makes social living possible – with all of these, Miller is uninvolved.

So total a withdrawal has its cost: Miller has been epically unsuccessful, both denounced and unread for most of his adult life. But if the position of detachment has its misfortunes, it has also its rewards, rewards of no small consequence to the reader of Henry Miller. His lifelong "commitment" has yielded a unique and devastating quality of honesty in almost all of his works. There is no hesitation, no withdrawal, not the slightest touch of reticence; neither does he boast of all his sordid adventures and criminal emotions. They are simply there, for better or worse. This is how it was. No other author has seen fit to record as such ugly matter-of-fact every last crumb of existence. Few admit such things to themselves. For the reader, the experience is likely to be disturbing and totally new.

A second advantage of this unenviable commitment is the faculty of "pre-civilized vision" the artist acquires. He becomes able to see with a stunning, primordial strangeness. The effect, once again, is devastating. Most of the scrofulous images in the *Tropics* result from this pre-civilized vision, this faculty of seeing latent correspondences which shock the civilized sensibility: a face "nothing but a skull perforated by two deep sockets in which there are buried a pair of dead clams." . . . Civilization "rotting like the toenails of the saints," worships "like a million heads of cauliflower wailing in the dark," "asses smooth as the skull of a leper." We are

shocked (and the shock is every bit intended) partly because we are not used to seeing such things in print – we cannot, that is, share the author's freedom from a civilized sensibility. But also because the author has penetrated to an elemental and singularly effective source of imagery – the deepest-lying levels of consciousness.

A third result of Miller's epic egocentricity is a blessing somewhat more mixed. He is first and always writing for himself; but like his grandfathers Lawrence and Whitman and Blake, he feels compelled time and again to speak out to the abandoned world. Miller the doom-shouting apocalyptic critic, Miller the arch-romantic idealistic prophet can be somewhat less than convincing. At best, his own eloquent and evident conviction can move, stir us "as if" we believed.

"If at intervals of centuries there does appear a man with a desperate, hungry look in his eye, a man who would turn the world upside down in order to create a new race, the love that he brings to the world is turned to bile and he becomes a scourge. If now and then we encounter pages that explode, pages that wound and scar, know that they come from a man with his back up, a man whose only defenses left are his words and his words are always stronger than the lying, crushing weight of the world, stronger than all the racks and wheels which the cowardly invent to crush out the miracle of personality. . . . Let us have more oceans, more upheavals, more wars, more holocausts. Let us have a world of men and women with dynamos between their legs, a world of natural fury, of passion, action, drama, dreams, madness, a world that produces ecstasy. . . ."

This Blakean-Lawrentian ideal, the eternal shout of the earth-man, is as hopelessly unattainable as the Marxist millenium or universal Christian love.

David Littlejohn, a member of the English faculty at Harvard, is writing a book about Lawrence Durrell.

she makes no protest



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It is moving beyond question. But few readers will feel impelled to start smashing the looms or dissolving their civilizations.

What is experienced by the reader in these visions and denunciations (in such few of them, that is, as are vivid and coherent) is, once again, simply "the miracle of personality" – the large and lasting fact of Henry Miller.

When a man like this sets about to write, the result is something altogether strange. There is no shred of a sense of direction either spatial, temporal, or logical to be found in all the chaos of the *Tropics*. Anything ordered, organized, expected, is untrue for Miller: "It is counterfeit," he says. "I felt compelled, in all honesty, to take the disparate elements of our life ... and manipulate them through my own personal mode, using my own shattered and dispersed ego as heartlessly and recklessly as I would the flotsam and jetsam of the surrounding phenomenal world. . . ."

There is a felt quality of "writing-in-progress" in Miller's works, of the author impulsively improvising at the typewriter, letting a wide-open imagination take him wherever it will. "I have made a silent compact with myself not to change a line of what I write. I am not interested in perfecting my thoughts, nor my action."

Writing oneself out freely and uncritically, as the Surrealists discovered, may produce only page after page of tedium and incoherence. At its liveliest, though, Miller's semi-automatic writing yields a captivating "musical" quality. Theme merges into theme, and image into image, exploding at last into wild surrealist fantasy.

This same careless directionlessness results in Miller's books becoming unlikely portmanteaux packed with the oddest accessories. Even *Tropic of Cancer*, which, when it has a plot, is a picaresque succession of panhandled beds and mindless copulations, finds room for theories of art, a review of Matisse, the end of the world, Hindu mysticism, Proustian memoirs, and the thought of Oswald Spengler. In Miller's own terms, such "digressions" and intrusions are scarcely to be criticized, any more than the copulations.

Like his character Moldorf, like his friend and champion Lawrence Durrell – and he can sound very like Durrell –

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Miller "is word drunk." He delights in characterization by catalogue, circling round a character or a place with evocative chains of words or phrases. Like Whitman's endless roll-calls, this can become simply a device for marking time while the mind is disengaged. But here is Tania:

"... les voies urinaires. Cafe de la Liberte, Place des Vosges, bright neckties on the Boulevard Montparnasse, dark bathrooms, Porto Sec, Abdullah cigarettes, the adagio sonata pathetique, aural amplifiers, anecdotal seances, burnt sienna breasts, heavy garters, what time is it, golden pheasants stuffed with chestnuts, taffeta fingers, vaporish twilights turning to ilex, acromegaly, cancer and delirium, warm veils, poker chips, carpets of blood and soft things."

Like Durrell, too, are the telegraphic scene-setting paragraphs - "Twilight hour. Indian blue, water of glass, trees glistening and liquescent. The rains fall away into the canal at Jaures" - and the fascination with exotic colors. "Vermillion, saffron, mauve, sienna, apricot, turquoise, onyx, Anjou, her-ring, Corona, verdigris, gorgonzola." ... "The sun is setting fast. The colors die, they shift from purple to dried blood, from nacre to bistre. ..." Lines like these could almost serve as parodies of *Justine*, 22 years in advance.

Humor is another quite unexpected reward. Miller alternates in his narrative sequences between droll exaggeration and satire and the wildest of high-humored gusto. The whole chapter on the visiting Indians in *Cancer* is a priceless example of the first; the mad weekend at Le Havre at the end of the book is perhaps the best of the second. The brilliantly bitter "Via Dieppe-Newhaven" in *The Cosmological Eye*, the outrageous Telegraph Company office fantasy in *Tropic of Capricorn*, his life as a school teacher in Dijon in *Cancer* are masterpieces of comic art. Miller lists in his "genealogical line," along with Lawrence and the Surrealists, the likes of Rabelais, Boccaccio, and Petronius; and the presumption is justified. The best of Miller's pornography, like the best of theirs, is blessed with ludicrous exaggeration.

It is interesting to note that all of

these sequences comprise extended, almost uninterrupted sections of straight narration. The Dijon episode takes up 20 pages, the longest unbroken piece of narration in *Tropic of Cancer*. The Telegraph Company occupies the greater part of the first 50 pages of *Tropic of Capricorn*. This is not, as we have defined it, Miller's natural mode. This is the way of the novelist. What is more, although none of Miller's "rem-iniscences" escapes exaggeration and distortion - "Every word I say is a lie" - these are clearly the most invented, least autobiographical passages.

In a word, Miller is perhaps most successful, surely most readable, when he adopts the method of the craftsmen of fiction. The most memorable of his characters, too, whatever biographical antecedents they may have had, were certainly born again in Miller's creative imagination. Obscene, unhappy Van Norden, for example, the real Colossus of *Cancer*, is surely too rich and fantastic to have happened anywhere else.

But conscious craft is not the whole of art. There is also that "creative imagination," at once the faculty that sees and the faculty that invents. These surrealist visions may well be the ultimate reach of Miller's accomplishment. The best of them combine the startling immediacy of the "Miller eye," his unique free way of seeing, with the rich rhythms and diction and organization of his art. The best of them, unfortunately, are better left unquoted. But they are like this:

"The earth is not an arid plateau of health and comfort, but a great sprawling female with velvet torso that swells and heaves with ocean billows; she squirms beneath a diadem of sweat and anguish. Naked and sexed she rolls among the clouds in the violet light of the stars. All of her, from her generous breasts to her gleaming thighs, blazes with furious ardor. She moves among the seasons and the years with a grand whoop-la that siezes the torso with paroxysmic fury, that shakes the cobwebs out of the sky."

Which leaves only three things to consider, the three things that are still likely to put most people off from considering Miller at all: the Miller

world, the question of pornography, and the tedium.

The Miller world is a rather repulsive place. People with bits of food sticking to their lips are always swabbing themselves for venereal disease in flats smelling of rancid butter. Even exempting the sexual *malaise*, this becomes a little hard to take. The imagery, as we have seen, partakes of the same fetid odor of disease, particularly (as witness the title) in *Tropic of Cancer*. Even



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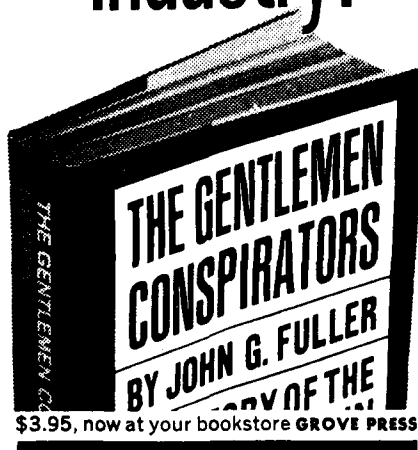
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spring — "There was a touch of Spring in the air, a poisonous, malefic Spring that seemed to burst from the man-holes." Of course. It is so pervasive an atmosphere that, once we learn to breathe, sudden intrusions of the "other" world — our world — have the shocking quality of an unexpected grotesque. "A letter arrived from America. Moe is getting A's in everything. Murray is learning to ride the bicycle. The victrola was repaired."

The source of all this, and its justification in Miller's terms, is easy to seek. It derives in part from his unashamed, open-eyed recording of precisely what was: this may well have been what was for Miller. It comes, in second part, from the pre-civilized, subconscious correspondences he is particularly apt to discover — at some cost to conscious, post-civilized sensibilities. And finally, as part of his apocalyptic scheme of regeneration, he has, quite frankly, every intention of shocking us out of our Puritanic skins. "A man who is intent on creation always dives beneath, to the open wound, to the festering obscene horror. . . . When a hungry, desperate spirit appears and makes the guinea pigs squeal it is because he knows where to put the live wire of sex, because he knows that beneath the hard carapace of indifference there is concealed the ugly gash, the wound that never heals."

These same sources help to explain the unparalleled content of obscenity in Miller's work. "From the point of view of both its happenings and the language in which they are conveyed," Edmund Wilson wrote of *Tropic of Cancer* in 1938, "it is the lowest book of any real literary merit that I ever remember to have read." He might only have wished to revise that judgment the following year, when *Tropic of Capricorn* appeared.

Miller seems to have three approaches to his pornography: the factual, the humorous or hyperbolic, and the truly salacious. The first, which is all too common, is also deadly dull. Matter-of-fact recordings of who, how, and how many times are likely to arouse few erotic impulses. The second escapes the same indictment by taking the opposite extreme. Some of the most agreeable fantasies in the *Tropics* take off from the rankest obscenities; they explode quickly into cosmic exag-

geration far out of reach of the lecher.

The third, I suppose, must remain a matter of taste. In this respect, the almost mystical sexual experiences of D. H. Lawrence are often far more affecting, simply because they are idealized. Honest Henry Miller is always hearing springs squeak or belching or wondering how he can get his money back, and shattering the dream.

As for "those words," it is perhaps simply a question of accustoming oneself, or not. In an amusing passage from a story called "Astrological Fricassee" (in *Remember to Remember*), set at a Hollywood party, Miller gives us fair warning not to take them too seriously:

"What's your game?" she asked suddenly.

"My game? Oh, I write."

"Go on . . . do you mean it? What sort of stuff? History, biology . . . ?"

"Naughty books," I said, trying to blush deeply.

"What kind of naughty books? Naughty-naughty — or just dirt?"

"Just dirt, I guess."

"You mean — Lady Chatterby, or Chattersley, or whatever the hell it is? Not that swill you don't mean, do you?"

I laughed. "No, not that sort . . . just straight obscenity. You know — duck, chit, kiss, trick, punt. . . ."

Still, perhaps Oscar Wilde was right: the only sin is to bore. At least for a writer.

That a book is nearly impossible to read through need not rob it of critical esteem. *Finnegans Wake*, *Remembrance of Things Past*, and James' *The Golden Bowl* have all survived without the grace of ready readability. If we are balked by works like these, however, it is because our minds cannot keep up; there is too much. In Miller's books, there is too little to keep the mind nourished and awake: malnutrition, and not fatigue. Miller's works are stretched with great deserts of *longeurs*, unshaped visions and tedious, unintelligible preaching. "The air pockets, the alkali wastes" will leave the reader dried, disinterested, bored for chapters on end.

Henry Miller is obviously not for every reader. He is a difficult, deficient, and outrageous writer. He ought to be

approached, if not with sympathy, at least with some awareness of what it is he is trying to do. The fully achieved artistic experiences – the verbal mastery, the humor, the extended narratives, the imaginative visions – can be,

when plucked from their surroundings, rich and satisfying enough. For those who are prepared, however, the really enlarging experience will be that of the man himself. There isn't likely to be such another.

ment superbly and plays the finale with enchanting delicacy and grace; but the wonderfully beautiful Con moto second movement, an example of pure Schubertian lyricism which should be allowed to flow easily, he treats with a ponderous expressiveness that produces occasional rhythmic distortion – i.e. a holding of the initial dotted quarter in the three-quarter measure for an additional quarter; and the lilt of the scherzo is exaggerated. I hope the series will reissue Schnabel's great performance of Schubert's posthumous Sonata in A.

RECORDS

Richter's Debut Revisited

Interested music-lovers throughout the country will now be able to hear the piano recitals by Sviatoslav Richter in Carnegie Hall in October, 1960, that created such a stir. They were recorded at the time by Columbia; and the opening recital of October 19 has been issued on M2L-272. It is a Beethoven program, and as such it is noteworthy for the fact that whereas it begins with the early, unimportant and uninteresting Sonata Op. 2 No. 3 it doesn't include even one of the last sonatas that are the greatest of the series. What it offers after the first work is another uninteresting early sonata, Op. 14 No. 1, then three later sonatas of increasing consequence: Op. 26, the seldom heard Op. 54 and the familiar Op. 57 (*Appassionata*). Thus Richter provides no demonstration of his dealing with the greatest Beethoven; but he does demonstrate right at the start, in the opening Allegro of Op. 2 No. 3, the spectacular technique that at the end produces the sensationally fast and accurate performance of the finale of Op. 57. In the slow movement of Op. 2 No. 3 he reveals further a sense for continuity and shape in the musical phrase that is evident in the graceful performance of the opening movement of Op. 26 – a performance whose blandness is not what is indicated by the Beethoven markings of *sforzato* accents and crescendos to sudden *piano* that Richter ignores. On the other hand the contrast between the charming minuet passages and the *forte* octave passages in the first movement of Op. 54 is made excessively violent by the stepping up of the *forte* to *fortissimo*; and this excessive contrast of dynamic extremes is heard again in the first movement of Op. 57. But the middle movement of Op. 57 is played very beautifully. These

are, then, performances which reveal impressive technical and musical powers, but do not justify the extravagant response of the audience and the press. I might add that those who are willing to do without the many coughs of the concert audience can have the performances of Op. 26 and 57 that Richter recorded in studio quiet on RCA Victor LM (mono) and LSC (stereo) 2545.

He also recorded Op. 54 for Victor; and this little work fills out the second side of LM- and LSC-2544, which have his performance of Beethoven's Concerto No. 1 with the Boston Symphony under Munch. It is a good performance, but is made to sound very pale by the greater animation and energy, the more enlivening phrasing and rhythm, of Glenn Gould's performance (unfortunately with a raucous-sounding orchestra) on Columbia ML-5298.

Arthur Schnabel's performance of Schubert's Sonata Op. 53 has been reissued on COLH-83 of Angel's Great Recordings of the Century series. He articulates the energetic first move-

The performance of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* on London A-4356 and OSA-1328 has singing by Nilsson, Bergonzi and Cornel MacNeil which is superior to that of Nelli, Peerce and Merrill in the Toscanini performance, with good singing also by Simionato and Sylvia Stahlman. And it is conducted by Solti with a rightness of pace and shape that makes his few errors hard to understand. The most important of these affects the sequence, in the final scene, of the orchestra's lilting dance to which Amelia and Riccardo sing their impassioned last duet and which is interrupted by the stabbing of Riccardo, then the chorus' *prestissimo* after the stabbing, then the re-appearance of the dance. Verdi uses metronome markings to make one measure of the *prestissimo* equal to one beat of the dance, and to produce with this unchanging rhythmic pulse the dramatic effect of the *prestissimo* breaking off for the dance that appears to have continued its course unaffected by the stabbing. Toscanini produces the

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Hortense Calisher, *False Entry* (Little, Brown) / George P. Eliot, *Among the Dangs* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston) / Joseph Heller, *Catch-22* (Simon & Schuster) / Bernard Malamud, *A New Life* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) / William Maxwell, *The Chateau* (Knopf) / Walker Percy, *The Movie Goer* (Knopf) / J. D. Salinger, *Franny and Zooey* (Little, Brown) / Isaac Singer, *The Spinoza of Market Street* (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy) / Edward Lewis Wallant, *The Pawnbroker* (Harcourt, Brace & World) / Joan Williams, *The Morning and the Evening* (Atheneum) / Richard Yates, *Revolutionary Road* (Little, Brown)



NON-FICTION

JUDGES LOREN EISELEY, AUGUST HECKSHER AND
LOUIS B. WRIGHT ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Ardrey, *African Genesis* (Atheneum) / James Baldwin, *Nobody Knows My Name* (Dial) / Stringfellow Barr, *The Will of Zeus* (Lippincott) / John Burchard and Albert Bush-Brown, *The Architecture of America* (Little, Brown) / Rene Dubos, *The Dreams of Reason* (Columbia) / Jane Jacobs, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities* (Random House) / Oscar Lewis, *The Children of Sanchez* (Random House) / Lewis Mumford, *The City in History* (Harcourt, Brace & World) / Virgilia Peterson, *A Matter of Life and Death* (Atheneum) / Mark Schorer, *Sinclair Lewis: An American Life* (McGraw-Hill) / Elizabeth Stevenson, *Lafcadio Hearn* (Macmillan) / Theodore H. White, *The Making of the President* (Atheneum) / Ola Elizabeth Winslow, *John Bunyan* (Macmillan)



POETRY

JUDGES LEONIE ADAMS, MARK VAN DOREN AND
WILLIAM JAY SMITH ARE CONSIDERING:

Robert Bagg, *Madonna of the Cello* (Wesleyan) / Philip Booth, *The Islanders* (Viking) / John Ciardi, *In the Stoneworks* (Rutgers) / H. D., *Helen in Egypt* (Grove) / Reuel Denney, *In Praise of Adam* (Chicago) / Alan Dugan, *Poems* (Yale) / Abbie Huston Evans, *Facts of Crystal* (Harcourt, Brace & World) / Isabella Gardner, *The Looking Glass* (Chicago) / Horace Gregory, *Medusa in Gramercy Park* (Macmillan) / John Holmes, *The Fortune Teller* (Harper) / Denise Levertov, *Jacob's Ladder* (New Directions) / Ned O'Gorman, *Adam Before His Mirror* (Harcourt, Brace & World) / John Hall Wheelock, *The Gardener and Other Poems* (Scribner)

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effect Verdi wants; but Solti destroys it by pausing after the *prestissimo* and then making the beat of the minuet slower than the measure of the *prestissimo*. Moreover, the Solti performance comes off the records with present-day spaciousness and splendor of sound but without the clarity of the Toscanini performance; so that the orchestra's dance, heard clearly in effective contrast with the impassioned phrases of Amelia and Riccardo in the Toscanini performance, is obscured by the vocal phrases in the Solti. I would still choose the Toscanini performance.

The excerpts from Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust* on Angel 35941 and S-35941 don't include some of the finest pages of the work—e.g. the scene beginning with Mephistopheles' "*Voici des roses*," and the duet of Marguerite and Faust; and that is one reason for acquiring instead the Deutsche Grammophon performance of the entire work. Another is the superiority of this performance conducted by Markevitch, with Consuelo Rubio and Richard Verreau, over the Angel performance conducted by Cluytens.

The voice of the Russian soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, on Victor LM- and LSC-2497, is at times steady and beautiful, but more often afflicted with tremolo, in her expressive performances of songs by Glinka and Tchaikovsky that are better than the pieces by Rachmaninov, Shostakovich and Prokofiev. And though the soprano Graziella Sciutti, on London 5617 and OS-25244, uses her lovely voice in a performance of "*Una voce poco fa*" from Rossini's *Barber* that is excessively mannered and showy, her singing of other arias by Bellini, Donizetti and Mozart is well phrased.

As for orchestral music, Stravinsky's delightful score for the ballet *Jeu de Cartes* is performed brilliantly by the Boston Symphony under Munch on Victor LM- and LSC-2567, with the reverse sides devoted to Poulenc's Concerto for Organ, Strings and Tympani, parts of which are engaging. And Rossini's Overtures to *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Scala di Seta*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Semiramide* and *William Tell*, delightful too in their different way, are played effectively by the London Symphony under Pierino Gamba, on London CM-9273 and CS-6204.

B. H. HAGGIN

THEATER

Nights with the Old Vic

For years, the Old Vic has been the sturdy repository of a rich English dramatic tradition, but like most institutions dedicated to preserving the past, it is now in danger of becoming a museum. Having begun its Shakespeare seasons in 1914, the Old Vic climaxed its auspicious history in the

Macbeth by William Shakespeare
Romeo and Juliet
 by William Shakespeare
St. Joan by Bernard Shaw
 Old Vic Company (City Center)

forties, when Olivier and Richardson were heading the acting company, and Michel St. Denis was training talented recruits in the now unhappily defunct Old Vic school. But ever since the brilliant 1945-46 season—with its superb productions of *Henry IV* and *Oedipus Rex*—the Old Vic has been gradually stiffening into attitudes of piety, gentility, and conventionality, a process greatly accelerated when Michael Benthall took over the directorship in 1953. During Benthall's tenure, the company began to attract sensitive, moody leading men and ethereal, well-bred young ladies (roughneck alumni like Harry Andrews and Joyce Redman would find no comradeship in such high-toned circles), thus limiting the effective repertory to Shakespeare's lighter works. For in the more powerful tragic roles, the actors were forced into obvious impersonations—the men padding their costumes and gruffening their voices, the women kicking their skirts viciously on turns. Lacking penetrating performances, therefore, the Old Vic soon became a director's rather than an actor's theater, concentrating on novel interpretations of standard works. But despite attempts to “jolly up” Shakespeare's content, the techniques of the resident directors remained stolidly traditionalist. And except for fresh re-evaluations by occasional visitors (such as Tyrone Guthrie's memorable *Troilus and Cressida*), the Old Vic's Shakespeare has been a stale and musty waxworks—elegantly

spoken and heroically postured but no more vigorous than an exhibition at Tussaud's.

The current production of *Macbeth* (directed by Benthall) and *St. Joan* (directed by Douglas Seale) represent the Old Vic at its lowest ebb. In these works, the company looks as shabby as that actor-manager unit Donald Wolfit used to bring over, except that it is not even dominated by a strong personality. Both productions lack luster in performance, direction, and setting; even the makeup and sound effects (“Sound the alarum,” cries Macbeth—Clink, clink, comes the reply) are sloppily designed. In *Macbeth*, Benthall has gestured towards the primitive by dressing his Scottish warriors in sheepskins and horned helmets—but the masquerade is over as soon as these elegant savages began to speak with polite, cadenced diction. John Clements, too lightweight for Macbeth, avoids the embarrassment of the character's torment by substituting a delicate irony, while Barbara Jefford turns his Lady into a longhaired Chelsea Bohemian who probably served time in the Wrens (she does parade turns in the sleepwalking scene). In its stiff and formalized groupings, the production generates no terror at all—nor pity either, since Macduff's son, enacted by a youth in his twenties, is played like a retarded nitwit—and the entire work takes on the cold, processional quality of the witches' masque of kings.

In *St. Joan*, Miss Jefford shows off her versatility by playing the Maid like Viola in *Twelfth Night*: pert, pettish, and swashbuckling—a saucy young thing in drag. La Hire (also in drag, since he wears more crepe hair on his face than Lon Chaney during a full moon) shouts at one point that he could follow Joan through hell, but it is doubtful if anyone ever followed this Joan anywhere, except down a dark street in the hope of a pickup. Embodying a nubile quality which is not in the part, Miss Jefford lacks the

charismatic quality which is. And because she is too ladylike to do any more with Joan's peasant awkwardness than round her r's (Shaw's impossible dialect does not help here), the first three scenes fall flat on our face. The only scene that really works, in fact, is the colloquy between Cauchon and Warwick (played by Clements with Machiavellian bite and humor), where Shaw offers his amusing, elementary history course in the rise of Protestantism and Nationalism. As for the rest, the production exposes all the weaknesses of the play but few of its strengths, consigning Shaw, ironically, to that same oblivion that Shaw used to reserve for Shakespeare.

In Franco Zeffirelli's celebrated version of *Romeo and Juliet*, however, the waxworks comes alive. The action—opening on hoarse-voiced fishwives and bored loungers sweating and steaming in the lazy Italian sun—erupts almost instantly into frenetic swordplay,

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where bodies leap and thud as if in a dangerous ballet whose theme is the death of men. Despite the fact that this action rarely flags, however, the real rewards of the evening are not in its galvanic violence but rather in its visual and atmospheric effects. In Signor Zeffirelli's setting, the ancient stones of Verona take on a muddy, granite physicality, against which Peter Hall's dark brown and green costumes (Juliet's tomb nightgown is the only touch of white) evoke a quality of Rembrandt chiaroscuro. As figures in heavy brocades move in an eerie charade through misty yellow light, one is struck by a feeling of muted terror—terror, as it were, in half tones.

Still, for all its splendor, I cannot believe that Signor Zeffirelli's interpretation will satisfy any but those who detest the play, for it is thoroughly devoid of lyricism, romance, or grace. Either the director doesn't understand the lines or he has perversely chosen to ignore them, because he has merely used the text as a scenario for a work of his own—naturalizing the action, literalizing the age of the lovers, and thus producing still another version of *West Side Story*, this time in the style of Italian neo-realism. The lovers, acted with hot eagerness by John Stride and Joanna Dunham, have been made to behave like a couple of gangly adolescents playing post office: Romeo climbs Juliet's balcony with his behind stuck out, and after giggling inanely, they smack away at each other like two erotic woodpeckers. As for Mercutio—played by Edward Atienza in a voluminous cape which he flourishes like an effeminate Batman—he has been robbed of his manhood, and even of his imaginative powers, since he muffles his speeches by munching apples and engaging in irrelevant horseplay. Much of the work, in fact, has been cut to accommodate Zeffirelli's passion for illustrative business; and the verse that remains is invariably read as if it were prose. Reduced to its action, the work—like other neo-realistic movies—eventually begins to look operatic. And because of the obtrusiveness of his effects, we come away remembering the director rather than the play.

What we do not remember is the company for, despite occasional lapses into virility, it is much too weak to make a lasting impression. One won-

ders why, when the English theater is beginning to develop in new directions, the Old Vic lags so far behind—why it has not assimilated into its ranks such promising talents as Pete O'Toole or Albert Finney? For it is strong performers that the company lacks—and gifted directors who, without violating the text, will be able to mold this strength into something fresh and true. Without this, I fear, the Old Vic will remain just another overloaded pillar of the Establishment, toppling under the weight of the mighty past.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Mining the Public

Sirs:

Your note, "Mining the Public" (January 8) concludes with the sentence: "Custom does not validate larceny." The Supreme Court, in one case at least, I believe has held to the contrary. The case involved mining.

The Court's decision supported the acquisition of minerals from 130,000,000 acres of public lands granted to Western railroads during the period 1860-1890. These land grants, usually of every alternate section (640 acres) of land along the right-of-way, excluded mineral rights. The railroad companies were given surface rights only; title to such minerals as might lie below the surface was reserved to the public. The railroads ignored the public reservations. At first they mined coal for their locomotives, later other minerals and oil for the market. They are still at it.

Legal suits, to stop the practice and recover damages for the public, were not instituted by the federal government until the administration of Woodrow Wilson. Thereafter, the Supreme Court held against the public, resting its judgment in favor of the "larceny" of the minerals by the railroads upon the failure of the federal government to protect the public interest sooner. In brief: stolen public property becomes forfeit if the government is remiss or slow in protecting it.

I see no reason why the same theory would not protect the holders of min-

ing claims under the law of 1872, who have used the surface of their properties for non-mining purposes for decades without government intervention. In fact, the claim owners appear to have the better case. For the railroads were forbidden the minerals by law—and took them; whereas the claim owners, whose variety of non-mining uses of their properties has drawn so much attention, were under no such stricture of the letter of the Law of 1872 with respect to surface rights. The Law granted claim owners "exclusive right of possession and enjoyment" of all the surface included within the lines of their locations.

So far as I am aware, the government has never gone to court to learn the meaning of the crucial word—enjoyment. Might the holder of an otherwise valid mining claim be denied possession of the surface for a dude ranch or motel if such was what he considered—enjoyment? *Paul Kiepe Riggins, Idaho*

Moscow and East Germany

Sirs:

Mr. Keith Kyle (February 5), advocating a major deal between the United States and the Soviet Union, overlooks the Soviet divisions in East Germany. ... East Germany became the strategic key to the Russian Empire in 1956, when the Hungarian and Polish revolutions showed that in a crisis Moscow could not rely on the armies of the satellites. So Moscow quickly changed the German Democratic Republic from the poorest of poor relations to "an equal and especially cherished member of the Communist bloc"; and to strengthen the Pankov regime Khrushchev tried to get it Berlin and Western recognition. Instead the GDR grew so much more unpopular that a wall was built across the escape-route.

Since last August the Western Powers have stood firm on the questions of Berlin and of recognizing East Germany; thus we have contributed to the pressures that are beginning to loosen the cohesion of the Communist bloc. Gomulka can now stretch his leading strings a little further; on January 19 Poland signed a commercial treaty with Albania. We must keep up the pressure. What we could do at once is to

negotiate, not with Moscow, but with Warsaw; for if we tried, we might persuade Bonn to accept the Oder-Neisse line, whereas Western recognition of the GDR would open an (admittedly long) road to Rapallo. *Raphael Sealey Seattle, Wash.*

School of Anti-Communism

Sirs:

It is significant that in Seattle last week 750 people regularly attended the "School of Anti-Communism" put on by the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, that thousands of others attended the evening "Evangelist type" lectures or heard them on TV, and yet, during the same week, not enough people went to the polls to vote on a small levy to save our schools. The measure lost by default... not because of a vote against the levy, but simply because there were insufficient voters.

As Eric Sevareid once said about McCarthyism, "Inherent in all this is a slow, creeping corroding flood tide of massive, established, respectable ignorance that can choke away our freedoms almost without our knowing what is going on. ... We can see again the doors of fear closing down upon our personal and constitutional freedoms."

Is this the face we want to show the world? The face that says we attend a school that whips up hatred and fear against people who believe in a different system and then deny our children the chance to have the kind of education that will train them to examine other ideologies in the light of reason? Thank goodness for *The New Republic*.

Doris Eason Seattle, Wash.

On Building a Tree House

Sirs:

A man came into the Bloomfield, N. J., Public Library one afternoon recently and asked for information on building a tree house.

In view of the current emphasis on building underground fallout shelters, it is encouraging to know that someone is planning to go up instead of down.

Howard Vogt New York, N. Y.

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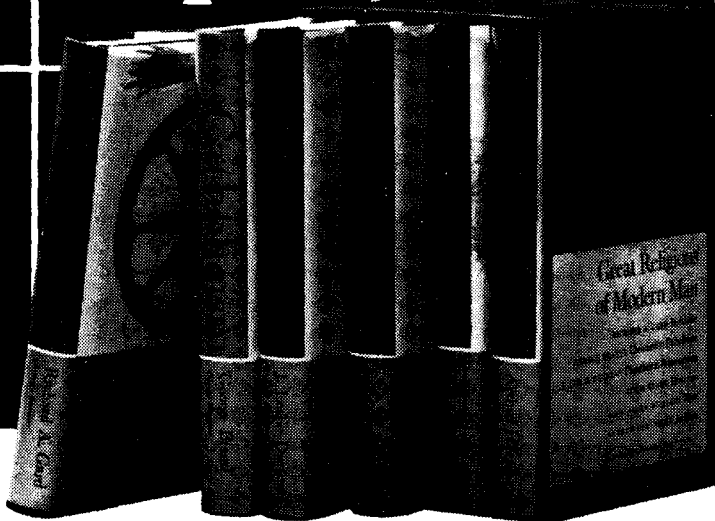
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